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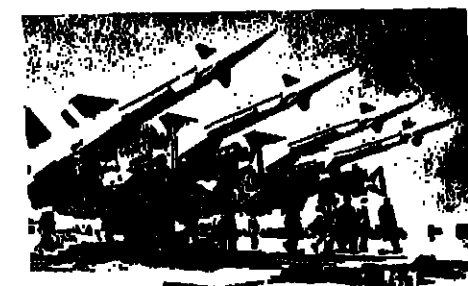
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EL AL

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, December 9, 1983



Soviet aid to Syria



هكذا من الأصل

LONELINESS

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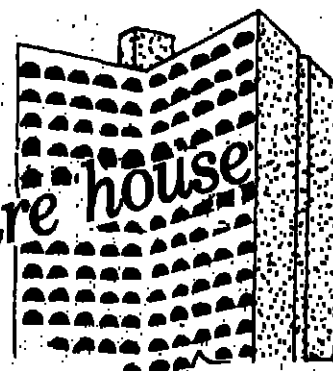
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Cover artwork by Alex Berlyne.

ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Readers can contact us by writing to the ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 13081, 91130 Jerusalem.

HIGHER MORTGAGES FOR OLIM

The mortgage loans available to olim in various categories were increased on December 1, 1983, provided that they signed a contract to purchase an apartment on the private market on or after December 1, 1983.

Mortgages are available in a number of combinations, with varying repayment terms. The amounts available and the terms of repayment are determined according to family size, status, date of aliyah, and apartment size and location. Olim may choose to take the full mortgage, or only the unlinked portion, or the unlinked portion plus part of the linked amount. Monthly repayments on the linked portion of the loan are adjusted every 3 months according to the changes in the cost-of-living index. The total mortgage may cover up to 95% of the cost of a given apartment.

The major changes are as follows:
 1. The size of the mortgage loans available to olim families, single children of olim and single olim from Western countries were substantially increased. (Note: This change does not include apartments in development areas or in Judea and Samaria; mortgages for these areas were last raised on October 18, 1983.)
 2. New loans are now being offered to various categories of olim in addition to the loans

formerly available (see below). Olim applying for mortgage loans are advised to clarify exactly for which loans they are now eligible.
 3. The additional loans available to olim families that arrived on aliyah on or before December 31, 1980 have also been raised. Previously the linked, interest-free additional loans were available only to families that had arrived on aliyah by January 1, 1980; now they are also available to families that arrived a year later.
 4. Olim families that purchase apartments of up to three rooms anywhere in the country, including development areas and Judea and Samaria, can receive an additional linked, interest-free loan. The size of this loan is determined according to the olim family's date of aliyah as follows:
 a. on or before December 31, 1980 — IS 400,000
 b. from January 1, 1981 to December 31, 1981 — IS 300,000
 c. from January 1, 1982 — IS 200,000
 Olim families containing six or more persons may receive this loan for the purchase of a four-room apartment upon special approval.

Preferred Neighborhoods
 An additional loan of IS 400,000 at 6% interest is available to olim who purchase new apartments in the following areas:
 Tel Aviv-Jaffa — Shachunat Bet, Gimmel and Dole, Jaffa; Shachunat Salameh Tel Netanya — Kiryat Nardou
 Haifa Area — Ramot Nesher
 Beer Sheva — Shachunat Vav
 Karmel Shomron
 Beit She'an
 Eilat
 Upper Nazareth

This loan is only available for the purchase of new apartments located in specific buildings on specific streets and built by certain contractors or construction companies.

In the Jerusalem area, olim who purchase new apartments in Ma'aleh Adumim and Givat Ze'ev may receive mortgages according to the Jerusalem table, plus an additional linked IS 350,000 loan at 6% interest.

Olim who purchase new apartments in the Jerusalem neighborhood Pigeat Ze'ev (under construction) are eligible for an additional linked IS 500,000 loan at 6% interest.

Special aid for development areas
 Olim who purchase new apartments in

development areas are entitled to a stunning loan of IS 80,000 or IS 150,000 depending on the area. This loan becomes a grant after 5 years of continuous living in the apartment. Olim who purchase apartments in Bat Sheva, Ma'aleh, Kiryat Shmona, or Shikma are also entitled to a special grant *litz' machshava* of IS 75,000. It should be noted that there are no restrictions on the purchase of apartments in development areas or community settlements.

Community settlements
 The mortgages available to olim who purchase apartments in community settlements over the Green Line vary according to settlement and family size. Details are available from the *ma'arakat* at the nearest Ministry of Immigrant Absorption office.

Apartments Under Construction
 Olim can also receive mortgages for apartments still under construction. During their period of eligibility for housing assistance, olim not living in public housing, who have received a mortgage to purchase an apartment will not need to pay occupancy, can receive rental subsidies from the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption for a period not to exceed two years.

Monthly Subsidies
 The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption

provides monthly subsidies to help olim meet their mortgage payments. These subsidies are granted for a period of up to two years from the date the apartment was purchased, and are available in each bank only. They are not given to single olimants married to veteran olimants and children of olim Nir are they given to olim who purchase apartments in development areas.

Those who do not take the linked mortgage are not eligible for the Ministry's subsidy. Those who take a portion of the linked amount are entitled to a partial subsidy in proportion to the amount taken (not including the additional loan).

A family of 2-4 persons can receive a maximum monthly subsidy of IS 1,050 in Jerusalem and IS 1,200 in other parts of the country, a family of 5-8 persons, IS 2,700 in Jerusalem and IS 1,800 elsewhere. These subsidies remain the same throughout the two year eligibility period, even though repayments are adjusted every three months on the linked portion of the mortgage.

For further information on mortgages and subsidies contact the nearest office of the Ministry for Immigrant Absorption. Address: contact the nearest Israel Aliyah Centre representatives (Shalech).

MORTGAGE LOANS FOR OLIM IN DEVELOPMENT AREAS AS OF OCTOBER 18, 1983 (in IS)

| | Total | Linked (25 yrs., interest free) | Linked (20 yrs., 6% interest) | Unlinked (20 years, 1-4% interest) |
|---|-----------|--|--|--|
| A. Family of 2-5 persons including olim married to a veteran Israeli, a couple of children of olim, an elderly couple from a Western country, a child of olim married to a Western Israeli. | 1,325,000 | 850,000 | 250,000 | 125,000 |
| B. Family of 5-7 persons, including all categories listed in (A) above. | 1,850,000 | 1,000,000 | 250,000 | 400,000 |
| C. Family of 8 or more persons, including all categories listed in (A) above. | 1,570,000 | 1,120,000 | 250,000 | 600,000 |
| D. Single olim including a single child of olim, a single elderly person from a Western country. | 780,000 | 475,000 | 250,000 | 85,000 |

MORTGAGE LOANS FOR OLIM AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1983 (in IS)

| STATUS, FAMILY SIZE AND MAXIMUM APT. SIZE | A. JERUSALEM | | | | | B. ELSEWHERE IN ISRAEL (except Development Areas) | | | | |
|---|--------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|---|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| | Total | Linked (25 yrs., interest free) | Linked (20 yrs., 6% interest) | Unlinked (20 yrs., 1-4% interest) | Initial Monthly Repayment | Total | Linked (25 yrs., interest free) | Linked (20 yrs., 6% interest) | Unlinked (20 yrs., 1-4% interest) | Initial Monthly Repayment |
| *Olim family of 2-4 persons, up to 120 sq.m. | 2,200,000 | 1,470,000 | 180,000 | 550,000 | 7,840 | 1,800,000 | 1,220,000 | 180,000 | 400,000 | 8,560 |
| **Olim family of 5-8 persons, up to 120 sq.m. | 2,800,000 | 1,580,000 | 120,000 | 800,000 | 8,830 | 2,200,000 | 1,480,000 | 120,000 | 600,000 | 7,800 |
| Olim married to a veteran Israeli, or a couple of children of olim, or an elderly couple from a Western country, up to 100 sq.m., single olim (except for an elderly person from a Western country), or a child of olim married to a veteran Israeli up to 85 sq.m. (in effect since Nov. 1, 1983). | 1,000,000 | — | 950,000 | 50,000 | 8,810 | 800,000 | — | 770,000 | 30,000 | 4,480 |
| Single child of olim or single elderly olim from a Western country, up to 85 sq.m. | 700,000 | — | 700,000 | — | 5,015 | 600,000 | — | 600,000 | — | 4,300 |

* Olim families who arrived on aliyah on or before December 31, 1980 may receive an additional linked interest-free loan of IS 500,000 and a linked loan of IS 100,000 at 6% interest.
 * Olim families who arrived on aliyah on or after January 1, 1981 may receive an additional linked loan of IS 400,000 at 6% interest.
 ** For each additional person in a family of more than 8, an additional unlinked loan of IS 70,000 and an additional linked loan of IS 170,000 are available.

Communicated by the Department of Information for Olim of the Ministry for Immigrant Absorption and the Aliyah and Olim, Department of the World Zionist Organization.

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Alladin
Suki Yaki
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Dutch Pancake

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Lotus
Yamit
Peking
The Arches
Yaki Tori
Batya
Herzl 117
Pirozki
Buenos Aires
La Couronne
Taste of Honey

PINK CARD

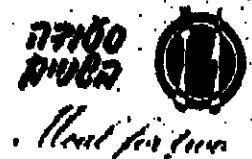
Rishon Cellar
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מקדמה מן האכל

THE RUSSIAN commitment to Syria can be compared in some ways to the American commitment to Israel, says Dr. Amnon Sela of the Hebrew University's departments of Russian Studies and International Relations. In the past, the U.S. has often stated that it feels obligated to safeguard Israel's security, "but not Israel's conquests." The Soviet Union has a similar attitude to Syria, Sela suggests. The Russians have never shown any enthusiasm for Syrian actions in Lebanon.

It is not at all clear how far the Russians would go to protect Syrian positions in Lebanon, says Sela. They might be prepared to confront Israel, but they definitely do not want a super-power confrontation over Lebanon.

The U.S. has also shown a reluctance to go over the brink, he says. This may explain why it used its A-6 and A-7 aircraft for its recent strikes against Syrian positions, instead of the more powerful F-14s and F-15s.

The U.S., the Soviet Union, Israel and Syria all have a clear interest in confining any hostilities to the soil of luckless Lebanon and to the air space above it.

However, the situation would be very different if the U.S. or Israel attacked Syrian territory, warns Sela. Syria would respond with all its strength if attacked and that would, of necessity, include a considerable Russian involvement. It is possible, that the Russians would sit back and absorb an attack on their Syrian allies; but it is far more likely that they would rush in powerful reinforcements.

Sela does not see the deployment of missile batteries in Lebanon as a Soviet move. Even if there are Soviet personnel operating the missiles — and this has not been proved — they will be there as "Syrians," not as Russians. The Soviet Union's commitment is to Syria proper.

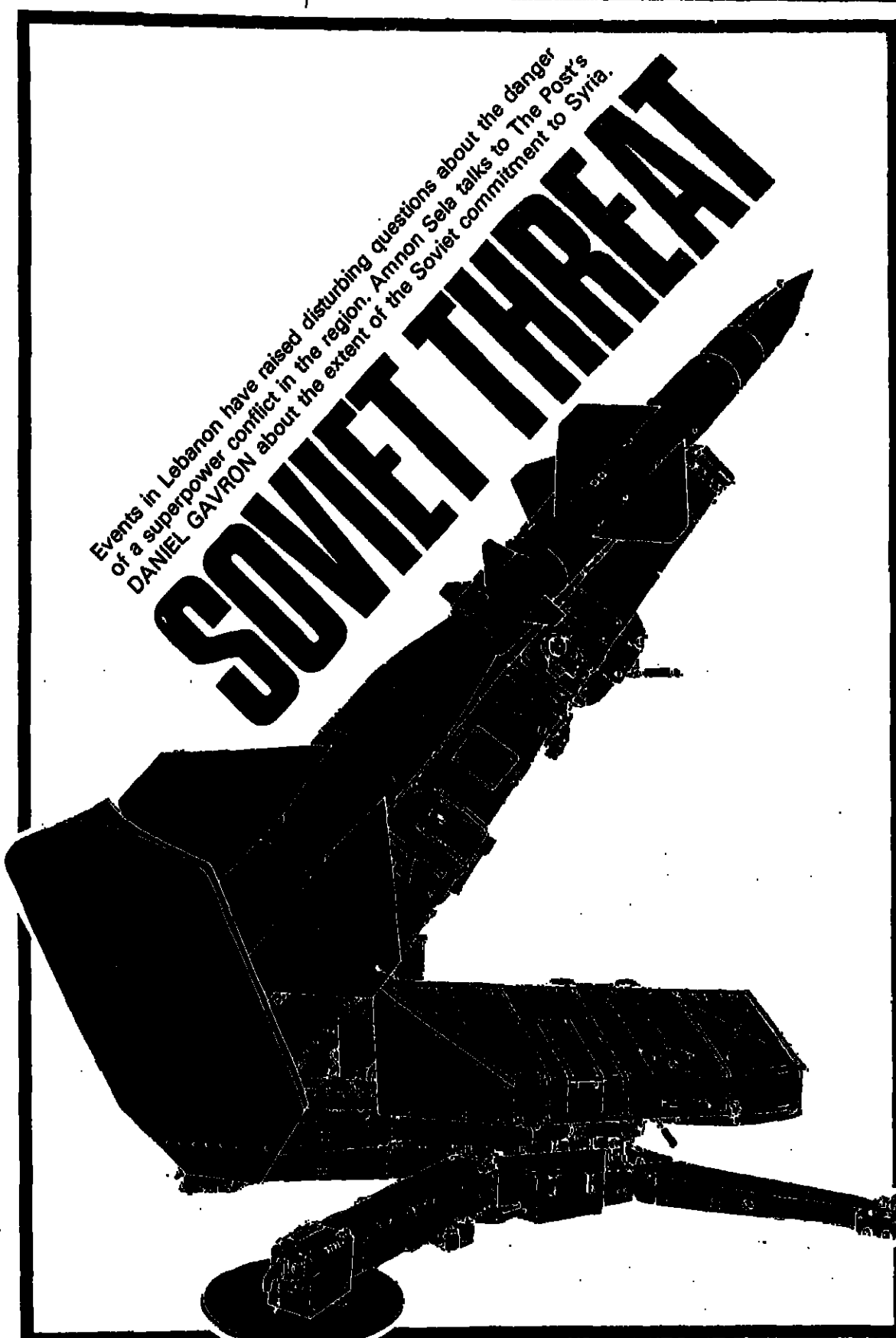
Not that this commitment is automatic, he stresses. Even in the case of the Warsaw Pact nations, the Soviet Union is not committed automatically to their defence if they are attacked. It is obligated to "top-level consultations," in the event of attack, and this is the formula used with Syria also. This is to ensure a measure of freedom of maneuver and to prevent "the tail wagging the dog."

THE DEEP Russian involvement in Syria, Sela points out, extends beyond military matters. The USSR has built the Euphrates Dam, has laid hundreds of kilometres of railways, and has constructed steel mills and other industrial plants. The Russians are also involved in a number of educational projects.

Syria's Communists, unlike those of other Arab countries, where they are imprisoned or even hanged, are a part of the country's Ba'ath-led coalition. The Soviet alliance with Syria is a very comprehensive one, and for the Kremlin it represents a success in a region where there have been many failures.

There is no doubt that the Syrians and their Soviet backers were badly mauled in the Lebanon war, but not, says Sela, quite as badly as Israeli evaluations have suggested.

In everything related to aerial warfare, they were the losers; but the armoured battles were far more even. In many places, the terrain was unsuitable for tank battles; in others, the Russian tanks performed well against the Israeli and Western models. On the whole Israel had the upper hand; but in the Lebanon conflict Arab armour put up a better performance against Israeli armour than in any of the other wars



between the two sides.

After a war, both sides draw their own conclusions, notes Sela, and it would be dangerous for Israel to assume that it always learns the lessons better than the other side. Judging from the Yom Kippur War, the Arabs learned more from their defeat in the Six Day War than the Israelis learned from their victory.

The Lebanon war was also a valuable lesson for the Syrians and their Russian backers. Early this year, an immensely high-powered Soviet team, including some of the top experts in anti-aircraft warfare and combined operations, visited Damascus to consider action in the wake of the fighting in Lebanon.

As a result, the Soviet Union has built Syria a wide-ranging and effective defence system stretching from Aleppo in the north to the Jordanian border in the south.

THE SYSTEM reportedly includes 100 missile batteries and 30 early-warning stations of a most advanced type, and anyone attacking Syria is going to have to pay a very heavy

price. The system also includes two new elements, which, says Sela, will give the Syrians considerable deterrent power.

The SA-5 ground-to-air missiles can hit U.S. aircraft over the Mediterranean, or Israeli planes while they are still flying over Tel Aviv. It is a highly accurate missile, which can hit planes flying at a great altitude.

The SS-21 is a ground-to-ground missile with a range of about 130 km. This is much less than the 500 km. range of the Scud, which the Syrians have had for some time, but it is far more accurate. The Scud can only be used against civilian targets; but the SS-21 can pinpoint military targets with formidable accuracy.

When these two new missiles were introduced into Syria, they puzzled the experts because, although accurate and powerful, they are also vulnerable to attack. However, once the details of the Soviet-built defence line became available, the presence of the SA-5 and the SS-21 was understandable. The new missiles are integrated

into a sophisticated system. That comprises early-warning stations, batteries of SA-3s, SA-4s and SA-6s, and radar-controlled anti-aircraft guns. The network, linked as it is to the Soviet Union's satellite system, adds up to a very formidable defence line indeed.

AS A RESULT of the war in Lebanon, the Syrians have become extremely powerful, notes Sela, and it would be unwise to underestimate the cost of an attack on Syrian territory.

He emphasizes that the system is defensive rather than offensive; but, of course, if they wanted to, the Syrians could utilize many elements of the system for attack.

On the other hand, he suggests Israel should not overestimate Syria's aggressive intentions. Syria's aspiration to a "Greater Syria," which would include Lebanon, Jordan and Israel, is severely tempered by pragmatism. In the Lebanon war, the clash between the IDF and the Syrian army could have been avoided. The Syrians were quite prepared to sit back and

let the Israelis strike at the PLO. They only reacted when they felt that their own positions were threatened.

Of course, concedes Sela, each country has its own idea of what constitutes a "provocation." It may be that the Syrians were unduly sensitive in Lebanon; but it is wrong to depict Damascus as thirsty for conflict.

This also applies to Syria's striving for a "strategic balance" with Israel. Since the peace treaty between Israel and Egypt, Jordan has been hostile to Syria; Iraq has been neutralized by the Gulf War; and the Syrians really feel themselves to be standing alone against Israel. In Sela's words, "We have done very little to assure the Syrians that we understand their security concerns."

He is worried about an Israeli state of mind in Israel which believes that "the Syrians understand only force," particularly when it is aligned with a similar American attitude towards the Soviet Union.

DEVIATING briefly from the topic of the Middle East, Sela points out that the American decision to station more missiles in Western Europe has not had the effect of bringing the Russians to serious negotiations. On the contrary, they have walked out of the disarmament talks and are advancing their own missiles.

"When President Reagan says that the Russians only understand the language of strength, I fear that what he really means is that he understands only that language. At any rate, I have yet to see any evidence that he understands anything about diplomacy."

In Lebanon, too, the language of force has not been effective with Syria. It has only made the Syrians more obstinate. Of course, concedes Sela, force is one way. The Syrian army can be expelled from Lebanon; but there will be a heavy price to pay. Israel has already paid, and is still paying, a heavy price in Lebanon, even if, at the present time, it is not the Syrians who are directly extracting the price.

ONE OF THE problems, he feels, is that the U.S. and Israel are working on the assumption that Soviet President Yuri Andropov and Syrian President Hafez Assad are both incapacitated. It would be dangerous to take advantage of this supposed state of affairs. The Russians certainly will not show weakness at such a time.

The agreement just reached in Washington between the U.S. and Israel is seen in Damascus as a threat, notes Sela. It is no use denying that it concerns Lebanon. It must include the Lebanese situation — indeed, that is obviously its main thrust.

Policy should be composed of a number of elements, says Sela. Force, diplomacy, national and international consensus, pressure — all these are important, but no one of them should be used in isolation.

On Sela's opinion, the road to a solution of the Lebanese crisis does not lie merely through Washington, Jerusalem and Beirut; more than anywhere else it leads through Damascus. If the U.S. and Israel want the Syrians to leave Lebanon, they must talk to the Syrians. Nor is it enough to say, as was said in the past, that it is "in the Syrian interest" that they leave Lebanon.

Unfortunately, the Syrians did not see it that way. This does not mean, insists Sela, that Damascus should be dismissed as a possible negotiating partner. □

LEAVING ASIDE the victims, their families and friends, perhaps nobody else in the country felt as bad as did the men in the basement office at the Russian Compound about the bus bomb that killed four and wounded 46 this week in Jerusalem.

It's from that basement office that every day, 24 hours a day, Jerusalem's bomb squad goes forth to patrol the city for suspicious objects, and they were disgusted the day after the bombing this week.

There hadn't been a successful bombing in the city for almost six months. And every bombing could be avoided, they say, "if only people stayed alert."

And they blamed Egged, too, for overcrowding buses so that it becomes impossible for the Jerusalemite to look out of a window, let alone under a seat, in the unconscious search for those deadly packages.

But normally they are a cheerful lot, and while they professionally discussed the method of the bombing, they could still keep chatting about other things — the most recent gossip in their small and secretive society, for example, even the political differences among them.

THEY WILL NOT ADMIT to being adventurers. They have their little — often tragicomic — superstitions, their private jokes and games. They are self-confident, yet it's a self-confidence that has no bragadocio to it. These are no swaggering pilots, smirking bodyguards or plainclothes policemen imitating their TV counterparts. They exude a kind of gentility rare in the macho world of cops and robbers.

The Jerusalem bomb-disposal squad is a closed society of policemen unaffected by the low morale of an underbudgeted and undermanned force. As underpaid as any group who put their lives on the line, they do their work intensely, deriving from it a satisfaction few can match. And they are underappreciated, largely unsung.

When the "suspicious objects" they probe are found to be attached cases stuffed with cash or cheques, or suitcases full of merchandise, they turn it all in. They expose themselves to added personal risk so as not to damage cars as they check for explosives. And they care about one another, revealing a faith in human nature that is strangely at odds with the grim facts of their work.

They even believe that those others have some good in them — the ones who put the bombs in the satchels, bread loaves, egg-crates, water canteens, cardboard boxes, books, bicycles, motor scooters, cars and trucks.

Sitting in their small, clubhouse-like office, its counters and shelves laden with hundreds of dismantled bombs (objects or devices are the words they prefer), like altars to Lady Luck, they rough-house and argue about who will win the lottery or the football pools they all play religiously.

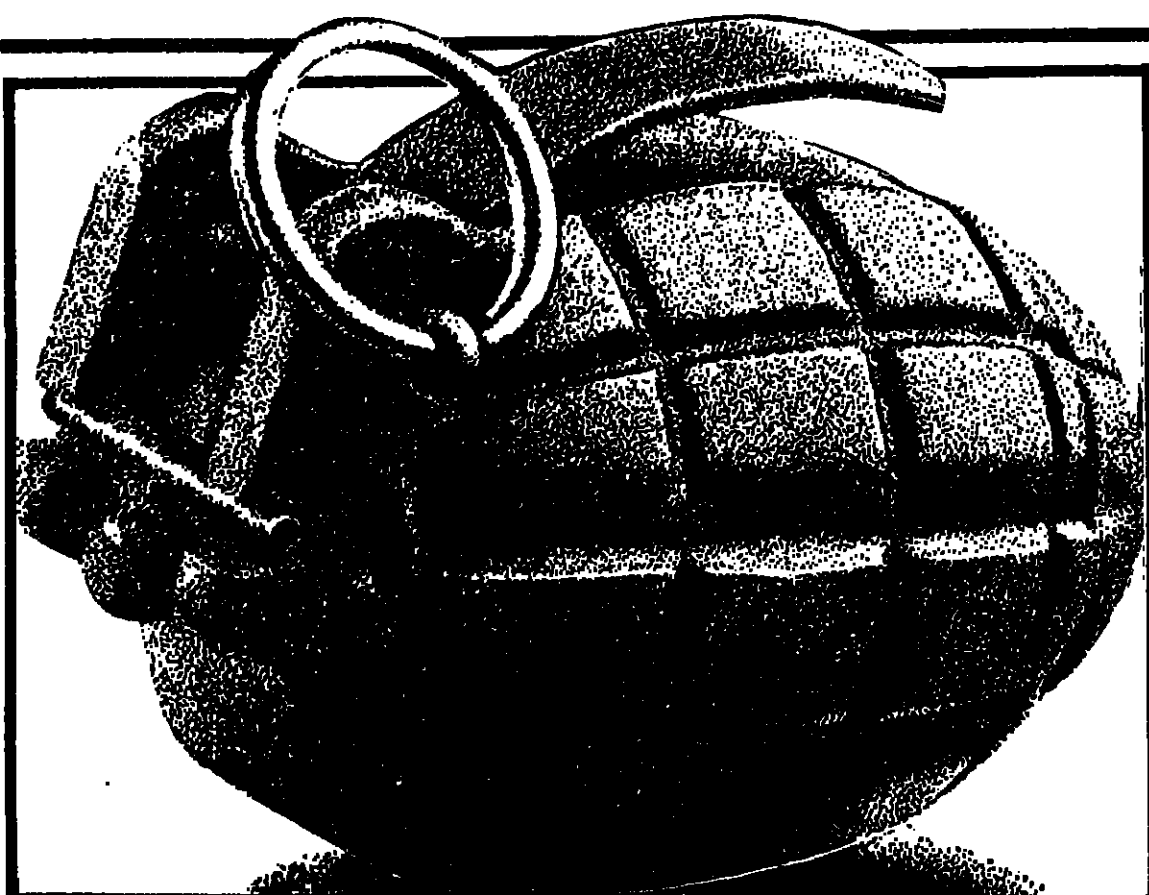
LISTEN TO THEM speak:

"For me, excellence is the whole thing."

"The object, that's all I care about. Who put it there and why — that's for afterwards, when I'm sitting around chewing *garinin* with the guys."

"First I think about the public. Then I think about myself. Then I think about the property."

"We aren't the ones in danger. We're the ones in control once we're on the scene. Patrol cops —



BOMB SQUAD

ROBERT ROSENBERG spends a day with the small group of Jerusalem policemen for whom explosives are a way of life.

those are the ones I really respect. They're the ones who never know if they'll go home alive."

"For the last seven years I've been filling out the same numbers in the lottery. Haven't won yet."

"Only when my wife saw one of my buddies working on an object, and I explained to her how first he put on the protective leggings and then the apron and then the vest and then the helmet and then the goggles, and I explained to her about how we have the robot so we don't have to get up close and how the no. 2 guy helps and makes sure everything is okay — only then did she stop telling me that she worries. I don't suppose she's stopped worrying. But she doesn't talk about it anymore."

"I want my kids to be something. Educated. They should have books and be somebody, maybe a doctor or a lawyer. I won't tell them what they should become. But I want them to be special. Not like me."

"You see this guy? See his funny little smile? That's how he smiled that time, when we watched him squat down beside an object and it exploded and there was dust and smoke and we were about to shout and run towards him, thinking he'd bought it. He stepped out of the cloud and he was smiling. He's a maniac. He's the greatest."

"This guy here, he's a real old-timer, older than any of us. C'mon, tell him how old you are."

"Thirty nine."

SAMMY wants his van to be clean, as clean as can be. He doesn't want to let a lockup trusty wash it.

He and his partner, Uri, take an hour over the white Dodge, scrubbing it inside and out, using big straw brooms to smear the soap and then a high pressure hose to rinse it off.

Inside, the equipment — the robot, the protective vests and leggings, the video screen through which they can see what the robot sees — everything is in place.

There's a problem with one of the microphones for the Motorola radio set. So they take it apart, patiently. Their lives — our lives — could depend on it working properly.

When they can't fix it, they take the microphones out of another van and attach it to their radio.

It's not exactly standard operating procedure, but then, they're not exactly the same as everybody else in the Russian Compound.

Sammy talks fast and works fast and he thinks fast. But everything he does is deliberate.

He's no *yekke*, though. Actually, he was born in Tunisia. When he reaches what the police call "an incident," he's first out of the van, striding over to look at the scene, maybe calling for some equipment from Uri, who's the driver.

Sometimes the whole thing takes only a few minutes. Other times it can take much, much longer.

The bomb squad gets about 11,000 calls a year. Most are false alarms. A handful are deliberately made by the squad commander to check unit response.

Much more often, the calls are the result of the suspicion generated in every Jerusalemite, Jew and Arab, regarding abandoned objects.

old vehicles parked for too long on busy street corners, sacks of old clothes abandoned at bus stops and the dozens of attaché cases left behind on buses.

This year, fewer than 100 calls have led to the sappers' tightrope act against time.

"Even if we have to check out 1,000 suspicious objects before finding a real one, it's worth it," says Sammy.

What he'd really like is a ping-pong table somewhere, so he can let off some steam.

OUTSIDE CITY HALL a few evenings earlier, somebody left a plastic bag full of clothes.

But bombs have been hidden in much less sophisticated ways, and Sammy has to assume that it's about to blow up in his face. Since there's a crowd and traffic is piling up, he decides to use the robot.

A busload of kids enjoys the show, oohing and aahing as the funny little machine rolls out of the truck and, like some oversized toy, makes its way toward the plastic bag.

We had reached the event on a siren-blaring, blue-lights-flashing dash from Mt. Scopus, where an abandoned motor scooter had aroused the curiosity of a security guard. So our hearts were beating fast as we watched the machine on its caterpillar treads approach its target.

On the television screen, it didn't look like Starsky and Hutch. I kept shifting my gaze from the screen to the real thing outside the window and back again.

But things are different now, says

A blue-uniformed cop comes over, as Sammy maneuvers the machine. "I think it's only a bag of clothes, so I don't think you have to use the robot, I don't think you have to attack," he says.

The sapper turns furious, his jaw-bone clenched white.

"Last night you called me up, begged me to come halfway across town because there was a cardboard box in your hallway and you said you didn't know anything about suspicious objects. Now all of a sudden you're an expert. Listen, buster, this is my job, and I'll do it my way."

Sammy turns back to the TV and consults with Moshe, another sapper at the other end of the street, watching through binoculars.

The cop just stands there, a frozen smile on his face. Sammy ignores him. Later, he apologizes, but only for raising his voice because "it wasn't nice to do that in public."

These are not violent men. They see their job as creative. Amos is studying history at the Open University. One of the new guys on board, he's been around about eight months.

Did the job in the army for the paratroopers — or maybe he made bombs. Doesn't matter. That's how he talks. He spent a few years in business, had a small jewelry factory.

Why did he pack it in?

"Wanted to do something for the country," Amos calls himself "a disciplined adventurer, an ambitious romantic."

A SAPPER earns a good living compared to other policemen — but he is ridiculously underpaid for the job he does.

A police sapper took home a little less than IS49,000 in October. That's for six shifts a week, no holidays, at least one overnight shift and at least two evening shifts.

When they hang out together and aren't talking shop, they talk about how to make do on their salaries, how to finish the month.

And Sammy — all he wants is a ping-pong table.

They built their own supply shed, guerrilla fashion. They nicked the wood; begged, borrowed and virtually stole whatever else they needed. Then, since one is a mechanic and another a carpenter and yet another a welder, they put it together.

Not that the police wouldn't be happy to give them a nice shed. They just don't have the money. So they did it themselves, in their spare time, so they could keep their equipment safe and close by.

IN THE OLD days, when everything was done by hand, it was different.

"There was more tension when you went out to work every day," says Moshe, who already has six years in the unit behind him.

He's laconic, a listener who smiles often and when he speaks, it's in a beautiful, elegant Hebrew, clear and without clichés. He's skinny as a rail, with many more than his 28 years etched on his brow and in the hollows of his cheeks.

Moshe was around in the days before the robot — which has received a lot more publicity than any of its living operators.

Moshe remembers the day Albert went out and didn't come back. And he remembers Steve. Their pictures are on the wall. The subject of the two dead men is a sensitive one. The man who had to step into Albert's shoes the day after he died refused to take Albert's radio code number.

But things are different now, says



The late Albert Levy (left) and the late Steve Hilmes. Both men were killed by booby-trapped objects. (Below) Police sapper carrying an explosive device a few minutes before it was set to go off.



Moshe. "The personality of the job has changed. We have more confidence now," although "we still have to do quite a bit by hand."

Any of these guys could go into the stolen car business. It doesn't matter what kind of vehicle it is — they can get in and out in a wink.

Sammy worked on one of the car bombs downtown off Rehov Ben-Yehuda. They tried using the robot and in the end decided, what the hell, let's do it the old-fashioned way.

So they jacked the thing up with a tow-truck, zipped underneath and saw dozens of kilos of explosives hanging overhead. They dismantled the bomb manually.

Yankele, a 16-year patrol unit veteran, joined the sappers after he told his boss, Police Commander Tat-Nitzav Rahamim Comfort, that he wanted to claim his pension.

Comfort gave him hell.

"What are you giving it up for? To open a little shop? With your experience?"

So Yankele remained in the force, becoming a driver for the sappers. "A few years ago," he says, "I got a call at the compound to grab a tow truck and go up to the *shuk*. Nobody told me what it was about. I drove up to the *shuk* and it was empty. I mean, there weren't even any mice running around."

"But I could see a parked car and, at the very end of the street, some ambulances and a sappers van. On the radio they told me to hook up to the parked car. I asked them what it was all about and they said it was a stolen car. They didn't tell me anything."

"A story on these guys," I said. "It would be more interesting to do a story on one of their dogs," answered the bodyguard.

"So I started to drive away with this thing, and I was like the prime minister, patrol cars with sirens in front of me and in back of me and they led me to a big field outside of town. I drove into the middle of the field and I still hadn't figured it out. As I was unchaining the car from the tow truck, the officer in charge told me over the radio: 'Now get the hell out of there.'"

"Ever since then, whenever I hear a call for a tow truck I go to the bathroom."

Yet six days a week Yankele goes out looking for bombs.

ONE EVENING a couple of the boys went over to a big five-star hotel to check it out. Some foreign VIPs were going to be eating dinner with the prime minister or the foreign minister, they weren't sure which.

In any case, they showed up at the appointed hour and were met by a pair of bodyguards — gorillas, in the jargon — those good-looking fellows who wear earplugs and talk into their collars. Menachem Begin once called them "those fine Hebrew warriors, the likes of whom haven't been seen since Judah Hamaccabi."

They did their job — peeked under tables, behind curtains, checked the podium. And the bodyguard types stood around watching.

One of them recognized me as a journalist. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"A story on these guys," I said. "It would be more interesting to do a story on one of their dogs," answered the bodyguard.

I looked over at the two sappers. They had been chasing after bombs for the previous six hours and had another two hours to go. Eight hours later they'd be at it again. Sure, the explosives-sniffing dogs are an interesting story, I thought. But I've always preferred the human side of things.

THEY DON'T THINK about who puts the bombs out there. Arabs plant bombs and Jews plant bombs. The Jews plant them for criminal reasons, the Arabs for political ones. It doesn't matter to the man who has to take them apart.

Every once in a while they get a briefing about the terror organizations. Other times they are briefed by the CID on the internal politics of the Jerusalem criminal underworld. Sometimes, the two intertwine, in a netherworld of arms and drugs and stolen property.

Just as there's no such thing as an average sapper, there's no such thing as an average day. Every day is different. Sometimes it's slow — 10 or 15 objects reported during a 24-hour period. Sometimes it's almost manic, with more than a dozen reported in one eight-hour shift.

They feel lucky when one of the suspicious objects is actually a bomb.

"It makes the whole thing worthwhile," says Sammy. "It's an enormous satisfaction to me to prevent one of those things going off."

He counts the number of car bombs in Jerusalem over the past few years. As he mentions each one the expression on his face changes. Those that blew up before they were discovered turn into wrinkles on his brow. Those they managed to defuse crack smiles on his leathery face.

MOST OF THEM remain on the job about five years — if they last that long.

After a while, the pressure erodes the nerves, neutralizes the satisfaction. The slightest thing — a wrong address in the search for an object, for example — can make them nervous, and since being nervous is the last thing they want to be, they know that they can't do it forever. So after a while they move on.

The explosives lab at National Police Headquarters, for example, takes some veterans. Others who have been injured, never quite make it back.

One man lost an eye and ended up an officer in the Civil Guard.

Another got out because his wife couldn't take the pressure. A third retired from the force, forgoing the pension, after two bombs exploded in his hands.

"I'll do this as long as I feel I can. The minute I get apathetic, I'll quit," says Sammy.

"If any of us tried to sweep something under the rug," smiles the quiet, lanky Moshe, "we'd end up swept under the rug."

PATRIOTISM might have something to do with it. But since patriotism means conformity nowadays, one can't really call them patriots. These are definitely the nonconformists of the police.

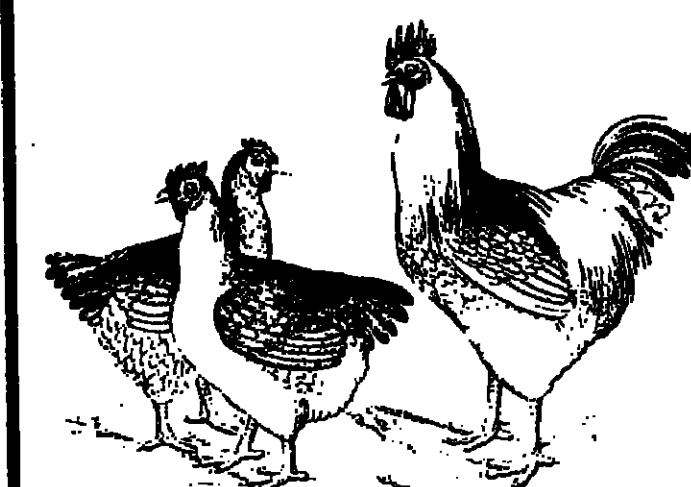
Amos explains it by saying that he never thought about patriotism: when he was in an army combat unit. But he always thought about what his buddies would think.

Sammy says it's a matter of believing in what you do, and being happy doing it.

Uri says he can't see himself doing anything else.

And Moshe, he says it simply has to be done.

Chicken feed



Q: What's the difference between a shekel and a dollar? A: A dollar. The joke that has been making the rounds in Israel for the last few months has suddenly become true — the much-maligned shekel is now valued at less than one U.S. cent.

In the finest Jewish tradition, the best jokes are made from the worst conditions, and the shekel has been a favourite victim of Israelis practically since its inception. There's the one about the archaeologist who unearthed an ancient biblical gold coin and upon seeing the faint inscription 'shekel,' threw it back.

In fact, perhaps we *should* go back to biblical currency — camels and chickens.

Your friends and relatives abroad, who want to know more about Israel than just the headlined politics and military developments, should be reading THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION — 24 pages taken from the week's issues of THE JERUSALEM POST. Order a gift subscription for someone interested in "currency affairs" in Israel.

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Tara Banz sings folksongs, ballads and American Indian chants tomorrow. Marian plays French songs on Tuesday. Jean Mark Luxembourg plays classical pieces on Wednesday. Bruno Korshya plays Jewish folk and baroque on Thursday. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers. Patalei Talmi folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With top musicians. Guest guitarist, Jean-Claude Ymas. (Purgod, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Tzabarim folkdancers, folksingers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — Gush Egozan — country music with the flavour of milk and honey. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ORIGINAL JEWISH FOLK MUSIC — With Itzhak and Ruzhi Miller. (Pinaf Hanister, 46 Bezalet, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

FERNANDO DE ALMEIDA — Well-known Portuguese pianist and singer. (Sheraton Hotel, Piano Bar, tomorrow through Thursday at 8 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM — Puppet theatre for all ages. The story of the search for the holy water of peace. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tour in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

NIGHT RIDE — A little girl who won't sleep takes a magical journey. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 10 a.m.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS — Puppet theatre for ages 3-8. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4 p.m.)

STORY HOUR — Produced by the Khan Theatre. A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BOY CLOWN, GIRL CLOWN — By the Sunflower Theatre. (She'ar Zion Library, Beit Aharon, 25 Shaul Hamelich, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

CINDERELLA — Theatre. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m., Asia House, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by chimpanzees, dolphins and sea lions, puppet theatre, clowns, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium Chelva Clow Park, tomorrow 12 p.m.-4.30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 4.30 p.m. only).

YOUTH CONCERT — With Irit Steiner, Ariel Cohen, duo-pianists. (Rehovot, Wn, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Meir Giladi. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Nahmani, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Beit Hahayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With From the Other Side group. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Solo performance. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 10.45 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL — Programme of songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON — Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

GILA ALMAGOR — In her programme of songs, Almost Strong. (Dan Carmel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD — See Jerusalem for details. (Eilat, Moriah, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

CORINNE EL-AL — Sings. (Eilat, Almog Yum, tomorrow and Sunday)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Haim, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Upper Nazareth, Berkowitz, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR — (Holon, Moffet, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DANCE

Tel Aviv area

BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY — Presents evenings of 4 works, old and new. Works by Paul Taylor, Domy Reiter-Soffer, Yigal Perry and others. (Bat Dor, 30 the Givoli, Monday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CAVIALE ELENCHIS — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. About a group of young Israeli soldiers in a bunker on the border. (Habimah, Small Hall, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING — Comedy by Emilie Aiz. Produced and directed by Nika Nital. About a lonely man in Paris. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

DESIRE — (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.; Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE IDIOT — (Beit Hahayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)

INISIGNIFICANCE — By Terry Johnson. Directed by Gedalia Besser. Produced by the Beit Leissin Theatre. A chance meeting between 4 people in a New York hotel in 1953. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9.30 p.m., tomorrow, Sunday and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

A LIFE OF ONE NIGHT — Produced by the Ge Theatre. An Arab's reality. (Tzavta, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

LS DIONYSOS — Written and produced by Nika Nital. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW) — By Werner Rainer. Produced by Nika Nital. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

PILOTS — By Yoel Hader. Directed by Oded Kotler. Produced by the Beit Leissin Theatre. The story of a group of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. (Neva Zedek, 6 Yehiel, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS — by Hanoch Levin. Produced by the Cameli Theatre. A sad story of warped human relations. (Tzavta, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — British comedy produced by the Yovel Theatre. Directed by Leonard Schnitz. (Beit Hahayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SOLARE STRING QUARTET — Yair Kless, violin; Itzhak Gress, violin; Oded Leventov, viola; Uri Vardi, cello. Works by Beethoven. (Israel Museum, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — See Tel Aviv. (Kfar Sava, Yad Lebnim, Tuesday at 5.30 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — With Yoram Boker and Friends. (Kibbutz Dalit, today)

YOUTH CONCERT — With Irit Steiner, Ariel Cohen, duo-pianists. (Rehovot, Wn, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE — by Brecht. A Cameri Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DESIRE — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. A couple in crisis act out an English social comedy. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m., Thursday at 4.30 p.m. and 8 p.m.)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated and produced by Nika Nital. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Tzavta, 30 King George, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

ICARUS — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE IDIOT — Detective comedy produced by the Lilith Theatre. (Gerard Behar, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE LAW WILL BE GIVEN AT 4 — Produced by the Simple Theatre. The play takes place in an old temple. (Khan Theatre, Monday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TANZI — Produced by the Beit Leissin Theatre. The story takes place around the boxing ring. (Gerard Behar, Bezalet, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — "From Witchcraft to Psychiatry" presented by the Scarlet Harlots from England; ritual dancing, mime marks and 10-feet-high body puppets. (Israel Museum, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS VERSUS AUDIENCE — By Peter Handke. Directed by Tami Lederer. A modern play with audience participation. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at midnight)

BED-KITCHEN, BED-KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron playing 3 entirely different women. Written by Dario Fo and Frances Rana. Directed by Ilan Eldad. (Tzavta, Monday at 5 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.)

BORDER INCIDENT — Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Tawil. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BUNKER — By Haim Merin. Produced by the Habimah Theatre. About a group of young Israeli soldiers in a bunker on the border. (Habimah, Small Hall, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CAVIALE ELENCHIS — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. About a group of young Israeli soldiers in a bunker on the border. (Habimah, Large Hall, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CITY SUGAR — By Stephen Poliakoff. Directed by Micha Levinson. A Beersheba Municipal Theatre/Yovel Theatre production. The story of a popular radio announcer. (Shavit, tonight at 9.45 p.m.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING — By W. Shakespeare. Directed by Omri Nitzan. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. This version places the action in 1917, with Alenby's entrance into Palestine. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

NO ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENTARY DOGS — One-woman show, written, composed and directed by Bilha Yavin. A social and political satire picture of Israel today. (Ramle, Beit Hahayal, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

PILLARS OF SOCIETY — By Ibsen. Directed by Theodore Toma. Produced by the Beersheba Municipal Theatre. The story of a Norwegian family in a small, closed community. (Beersheba Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

PILOTS — (Ramle, Heichal Hatarbut, tomorrow and Sunday at 9 p.m.; Yotvata, Monday at 9 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45 p.m.; Yegor, Yad Lebnim, Monday at 9 p.m.; Mogido, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Netanya, Shirov, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SOUL OF A JEW — By Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Gedalia Besser. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. Contradictions between Judaism and Zionism, hope and self-hate. (Holon, Hagat Haim, Heichal Hatarbut, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hanoch Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. (Eilat, Wednesday)

TANZI — (Rishon Lezion, Moffet, tonight at 10 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

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CAIRO, FEBRUARY '78 — By Yitzhak Ben-Ner. About a journalist in the streets of Cairo. (Hazar, tonight)

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YOUTH CONCERT — With Irit Steiner, Ariel Cohen, duo-pianists. (Rehovot, Wn, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)



"We Who Were the Beautiful," presented by the Scarlet Harlots from England.

SWEENEY TODD — Musical drama by Stephen Sondheim and Hugh Wheeler. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. Directed by Peter James. (Cameri Theatre, tonight through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

TANZI — (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

TROJAN WOMEN — Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

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Carmelite nun holding a lamp used by Sister Marie de Jesus Crucifie. The glass case contains other objects revered as mementoes of her. (Right) View of the inner court of the convent in Bethlehem. (Aliza Auerbach)

The beatification of Mariam Baouardy

Haim Shapiro

THE CARMELITE Convent in Bethlehem, with its large round tower, is a landmark of the town, but few of those who know it well from the outside have seen the interior.

This weekend dozens of Arab Christian families, dressed in their Sunday best, priests and nuns from other orders, and even a French diplomatic representative took a rare opportunity to view the interior of the convent, decorated with paper streamers and hand-painted posters and bouquets of flowers.

For the 13 nuns of the convent, dressed in traditional long, brown robes, their faces framed by an austere white veil, it was a very special day. They were celebrating the beatification in Rome by the Pope of their founder and first mother superior, Mariam Baouardy, Soeur Marie de Jesus Crucifie.

According to Father Pierre Medebielle, professor of theology at the seminary of Beit Jala and editor of the Latin Patriarchate's regular newsletter, the beatification, the first step in achieving sainthood, was not an easy matter. "She had too much; prophecy, levitation, ecstasies. It was an extraordinary case."

Mariam Baouardy was born in 1846 in the village of Ibbilin in Galilee. Her mother had already given birth to 12 boys who had all died at birth, and before Mariam was born, her parents went on a pilgrimage to Bethlehem, not an easy journey in those days. After her, they had a son, who also survived.

But before Mariam was four, her parents had both died. An uncle gave her a home and shortly

afterwards took her to live in Alexanaria. It was there that the drama of her life began. When she was 12, the uncle tried to marry her off to his brother, but rather than consent, she cut off her hair.

The resulting mistreatment caused her to run away and seek shelter with a Moslem servant of the family. He, in turn, tried to convert her to Islam. When she refused, he slit her throat from ear to ear and left her for dead in an alley.

She revived under the care of a nun, who nursed her back to health, and then became a servant in a Christian family. In an attempt to see her brother, she embarked on a ship bound for Acre, but a storm drove it into Jaffa. Again she tried, and this time the ship landed in Beirut.

In fact, she never saw her brother again, but many years later his son was to serve as a porter at the Carmelite monastery in Bethlehem which she was instrumental in building. In Beirut, she again went into domestic service, and the family for whom she worked took her with them to Marseilles.

It was there that she first attempted to become a nun, at the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, but they were suspicious of what Medebielle calls the "extraordinary facts of her life." Finally she was accepted at the Carmelite Convent at Pau in southern France, despite the initial suspicions of the local bishop.

With a group of nuns, she was sent for two years to Mangalore, in India, where they founded another convent of the order, but in 1872, she returned to Pau and there conceived what was to be the major work of her life: the building of a

Carmelite convent and monastery in Bethlehem.

She did all this, says Medebielle, although she was practically illiterate. A poem that she wrote shows her handwriting to be childishly unformed. In French, the language of her convent, she addressed everyone, including bishops and other ecclesiastical superiors by the familiar tu.

In the convent, she was known as la petite arabe, the little Arab girl, but she was clearly unusual and had prophetic powers. In 1868, she sent an urgent warning to Pope Pius IX, telling him of her vision of the bombing of one of the buildings near the Vatican. The warning was ignored and soon the event occurred as she had foretold, causing many deaths. Thereafter, when she sent a warning it was heeded, and three bombs were uncovered in the cellars of the Vatican.

But perhaps the most fateful happening of her life was her meeting with Berthe Darigaux, an unmarried heiress of Pau, who became her friend, and offered to pay for the construction project in Bethlehem. When apprised of the project, the Latin Patriarch would not consent to it. She then appealed to the Ministry for Missions in Rome and they too turned her down. It was only a direct appeal to the Pope that was answered favourably.

Father Medebielle can attest to some of Mariam's extraordinary powers, which included bilocation — being seen in two places at once — and levitation. Nonetheless, so

great was her obedience that it took only a word from the mother superior for her to come down to earth.

When she planned the residence of the chaplains for the Carmelite fathers in Bethlehem, she was told that it was madness to make it so large. She answered that it would soon be too small.

When, some years later, the religious orders were suppressed in France, some 60 priests came to the Holy Land and had to live in the building which once housed three. Medebielle himself, who was later a student there, said that his superior told him that the prophecy had been for the benefit of him and his fellow students.

While he was at the seminary, Medebielle had heard of another prophecy: that the Carmelite fathers would one day take over the seminary, which belonged to the Latin Patriarchate. "You see," his superior told him, "the prophecy was fulfilled because we have two priests at the seminary."

Medebielle made a classic Gallic gesture of doubt. "We thought, eh, that's not really carrying it out."

Then, in 1932, the Patriarch threw out the Benedictines who had been running the seminary and asked the Carmelites to take it over. The order at first refused, but eventually agreed. Medebielle was one of the fathers sent to teach there.

Mariam is also said to have prophesied the day of her death. "Nonsense," said the doctor, "you're in the prime of your life." But two days later, she fell while carrying water to the workmen building the convent and broke her arm. Gangrene set in and she was

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 DINO

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Fri, Dec 9
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Wayward Husband 4.15
Sat, Dec 10
A Clockwork Orange 6.30, 9
Sun, Dec 11
Double feature/1 ticket:
Body Heat 6.45
Wayward Husband 9
Mon, Dec 12
Lord of the Rings 6.30, 9
Tue, Dec 13
Clair de Femme 7, 9
Wed, Dec 14
La Nuite di Calabria 6.45, 9
Thur, Dec 15
The Producers 7, 9

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• RICHARD GERE
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Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

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• DAN ACKROYD
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Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.40
Mon, 4.30
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Today 11, 2; Sat, 11 a.m.
STAR WARS

CHEN 3

BLUE THUNDER

Tonight 9.50, 12.10
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Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Today 11, 2; Sat, 11 a.m.
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CHEN 4

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Life of Brian
Sun, 10.30, 1.30: BANANAS

CHEN 5

PSYCHO II

4.30, 7.05, 9.15
Today 11, 2; Sat, 11 a.m.
RETURN OF THE JEDI
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30
ROLLER BALL

CINEMA ONE

THE WAY WE WERE

Tonight 10
Sat, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CLASS

37 Gruenberg, Tel. 613321

LAST CHANCE!!

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

Sat, 7.30

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER

LEVI

Dizengoff Center Tel. 288868
Tonight 10; Sat, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5.30, 7.30, 9.40

DEKEL

GABRIELA

2nd week
7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10, Sat, and weekdays 9.30

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Weekdays 5.30, 7.15: SUPERMAN III
Tonight, Sat, and weekdays at midnight: Sex Film

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LOCAL HERO

Sat, and weekdays 6.45, 9
True story by Billy Hayes
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR

LE CHOIX DES ARMES

• CATHERINE DENEUE
• GERARD DEPARDEU
• YVES MONTAND
English subtitles
Sat, 11 a.m.: ANNIE

MAXIM

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

Sat, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

David's father bought him a home computer. He used it to change his high school grades.

WAR GAMES

Directed by John Badham
Tonight 10; Sat, 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

PARIS

REQUIEM

Weekdays 10, 12.4, 4, 7.15, 9.30

BABY LOVE

• RICHARD GERE
Tonight 10; Sat, 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

GORDON GITTIT

CUTTER'S WAY

JOHN HEARD

JFFP BRIDGES
Sat, 7.30, 9.40
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Sat, 7.30

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER

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Tonight 10; Sat, 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ORLY

A DEADLY SUMMER

Sat, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30

PEER

PRAYING MANTIS

Directed by Jack Gold
Sat, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF

FLASH DANCE

Sat, and weekdays 11 a.m.: SUPERMAN III

STUDIO

TWILIGHT ZONE

Directed by Steve Spielberg
Tonight 10
Sat, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

TCHETET

MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

YOL

Winners of "Golden Palm" Cannes, 1982
Film by Yilmaz Guney
Sat, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON

TO BEGIN AGAIN

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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Sat, and weekdays 6.45, 9
True story by Billy Hayes
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Adults only

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Sat, 6.45, 9
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DAVID CARRADINE

• CHUCK NORRIS
In a mighty, powerful film

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Adults only
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Sun, 5, 7, 9.30; Mon, 7, 9.30
Festival International Du Film

LE VOILE DE LA ROCHELLE

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• ROB LOWE
• CLIFF ROBERTSON
In a story of first love

CLASS

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SEX AROUND THE WORLD

6 nonstop performances
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LOCAL HERO

Sat, and weekdays 6.45, 9

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MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE

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UP YOUR ANCHOR

(Lemon Popicle 5)
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SHAVIT

TO BEGIN AGAIN

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RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

I LOVE YOU CARMEN

Mat, 4
BEDKNOS AND BROOMSTICKS

LILY

YANKS

Tonight 10
Sat, and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS

TRADING PLACES

Tonight 10
4, 7, 9.30

ORDEA

BABY LOVE

• GOLDIE HAWN
• BURT REYNOLDS
Mat, 4: BOY TAKES GIRL
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN

WAR GAMES

David's father bought him a home computer. He's used it to change his high school grades.
7.15, 9.30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID

HIGH ROAD TO CHINA

7.15, 9.30

TIFERET

BLUE THUNDER

7.15, 9.30

HOLON Cinemas

SAVOY

TRAIL OF THE PINK PANTHER

Tonight 10
Sat, and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

Mat, 4.30

RETURN OF THE JEDI

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

EXHIBITIONS

THE PINS COLLECTION: CHINESE AND JAPANESE PAINTINGS AND PRINTS.

FINY LEITERDORF: AN ISRAELI FASHION DESIGNER.

MICHA KIRSNER — PHOTOGRAPHS.

ZVI GOLDSTEIN: STRUCTURE AND SUPERSTRUCTURE. (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)

COLLECTIONS

CLASSICAL PAINTING IN THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES: IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM: TWENTIETH CENTURY ART. ISRAELI ART.

MUSIC

ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

ENSEMBLE MUSICAMERICA. Programme: Arnold, Mozart, Brahms. Saturday, 10.12, at 8.30 p.m.

DANCE

FROM JAPAN AND ABOUT CHINA. Dance: Tami Kadar. Reading: Shamira Imber. Classical Japanese and Chinese flute: Amir Sela. Thursday, 15.12, at 8.00 p.m.

THEATRE

WE WHO ARE BEAUTIFUL. Sordid Harleia (England). A new outlook on witchcraft and psychiatry. Tribal dancing, mime, masks, puppets and storytelling. Monday, 12.12, at 9.00 p.m.

FILMS ON ART

ART BEING CHALLENGED. The new trends in the 1980s. IN SEARCH OF REALITY. Hyperrealism and Political Art. Wednesday, 14.12, at 9.00 p.m.

CINEMA (23rd week)

YOL (The Way). Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.: Saturday at 7.15, 9.30 p.m.

THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

NEW EXHIBITION

ZVI GOLDSTEIN: STRUCTURE AND SUPERSTRUCTURE

Visiting Hours: Sunday-Thursday 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-9 p.m. Friday Closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

JOIN THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF PATRONS AND FRIENDS FOR 1984

NETANYA ORCHESTRA

תזמורת נתניה

Musical Director: Samuel Lewis

Tuesday, December 13 at 8.30 p.m.

Herschtritt Auditorium — Wingate

10th Anniversary Season

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT No. 3

Samuel Lewis — conductor

PNINA SALZMAN — piano

Overture "Donna Diana" — Razinok Piano Concerto No. 1 in E minor — Chopin Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 — Liszt Ballet Suite "Pineapple Pol" — Sullivan

Tickets available at the Netanya Orchestra offices, Ohel Shem (Tel. 053-25737) and at the hall on the evening of the concert.

Transport to Wingate from Kikar Ha'atzma'ut at 7.45 p.m.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 4)

JOSEPH KALICHSTEIN — Piano recital — programme of works by Schubert. (YMCA, Sunday)

BAROQUE MUSIC — Works by Boismortier, Telemann, Bach, Handel and others. (Tzavta, Tuesday)

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD CEREMONY — Student performances. (Rubin Academy, Smolenskin, Wednesday)

TEL AVIV area

TEL AVIV DUO — Irit Steiner, Ariel Cohen, piano. Works for 2 pianos and 4 hands. Works by Mozart, Schubert, Bartok and Rachmaninoff. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

THE YUVAL TRIO — Works by Clara and Robert Schumann. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Aldo Ceccato. Soloist: Marcel Bergman, cello. Programme — Weber: Overture Abu Hassan; Vaughan-Williams: Oboe Concerto; Pachelbel: Concerto La Favourite; Schumann: Symphony No. 3. (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday)

OTHERS

ONLY LAVAN — Classical guitar. Works by Bach, Dowland, Tzvi Fleischer, and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight)

GLAD NISHORI — Piano recital. Works by Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and Haim Alexander. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Programme is for Haifa. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel, Monday)

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem

Jerusalem through the Ages

Sunday and Tuesday 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv. Court Museum, reconstructed Sephardi Synagogues, Western Wall.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-4 hours. Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE — The comics serial about the little orphan who conquers the heart of a hard-boiled millionaire and introduces some horse sense and kindness in his world, has become first a stage musical and now a movie

IF FOOD were the way to peace, there would have been no wars for the last hundred years.

This was the observation of my companion as we sat in the Yerevan, a new Armenian restaurant just inside the New Gate in the Old City of Jerusalem. In contrast to the rather worn appearance of the buildings around it, the Yerevan is hold and brassy, with a modernistic picture window, gold decorations and red velvet chairs in a sort of Louis XIV style.

The observation about food and peace was made during the first course, some eight salads which could have been Jewish or Arab, Greek or Turkish. Not that they were any the worse for their universality; it just went to prove that food is one language anyone can understand.

The salads included one which is commonly known as "Turkish salad" in this country, although I myself have never encountered it during my travels in Turkey. There was also a cooked carrot salad which is usually associated with Jewish immigrants from North Africa.

One very pleasant and original dish was composed of slices of squash, fried and then seasoned with just a touch of lemon and garlic. Other dishes included the ubiquitous eggplant and tahina, here particularly rich and creamy, parsley and tahina and tomato and cucumber and tahina.

My point is, of course, not that the dishes were not Armenian, but that they represented a world of culinary experience. In fact, one should add that the Armenians have a reputation as fine chefs and were



usually called upon to serve the sultans in this capacity.

Meanwhile, as we ate, we admired the goldfish swimming in an aquarium on the wall and wondered who, indeed, came to eat at this restaurant. Perhaps it serves the parties of Christian pilgrims who are quartered in the area.

If the first course was universally Middle Eastern, the main course seemed to have a more specialized flavour. I chose a dish identified as "Yerevan chicken" in which the bird had been braised with onions marinated in vinegar. The chicken

Bold & brassy

MATTERS OF TASTE
Haim Shapiro

was tender and tasty, although I would have preferred it cooked a bit longer.

My companion chose the dolma, a dish with two small eggplants and a squash, all filled with meat and roasted. Here, too, I felt that longer cooking would have been beneficial. This was not so necessary for the squash, but in the eggplants, the essential bitterness of the vegetable was very much in evidence.

Served alongside were: chips, fresh and crisp, coleslaw and a slice of tomato.

For dessert, there was a display case of cakes which made me a bit apprehensive, especially in view of the eggplants. They were the sort of sweets which can either be very good or absolutely inedible. But duty called, and I selected two.

I am happy to say that my fears were dispelled the minute I bit into my choice, a sort of Black Forest cake, with chocolate and a generous amount of real cream. As for my companion, she too was satisfied with her portion of two rum balls, one rolled in nuts, the other in coconut.

The Turkish coffee was excellent. The bill, including two bottles of local beer, came to IS1,950.

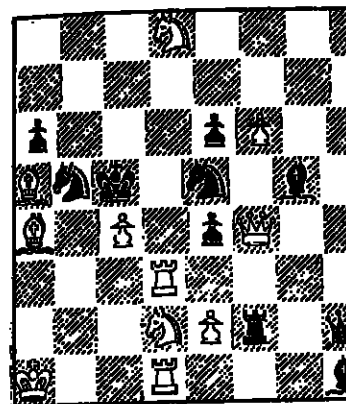
THE QUALITY of the cakes, the atmosphere and the location make this an ideal spot for relaxing with coffee and cake at the end, or in the middle of, a long walk through the Old City. However, for those who are more interested in the gastronomic aspects, I have tried to reconstruct the Yerevan chicken.

Cut a chicken into serving pieces, rub with lemon juice and set aside. Thinly slice four or five large onions. Mix half a cup of water and half a cup of vinegar, bring to a boil, turn off the heat and immerse the onions. Leave for an hour.

Drain the onions and fry in a large pan until soft, but not brown. Remove them and place the chicken in the pan, skin side down. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little cinnamon. Add a little water, cover and cook, adding just enough water from time to time to keep from drying out. When the chicken is done, add the onions, cook another five minutes and serve. □

CHESS Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3150
BARUCH LENDER, Afula
2nd prize, Olympic Ty. 1976



White mates in two (11-10)
SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 3148 (Visserman). 1.Qh4 threat 2.Qg3; 1.— Rf1 2.Nf2 Kc4 3.Nf3x; 1.— Rg1 2.Nd2 Kc4 3.Ng2x; 1.— Re8

2.Nd5 Kc4 3.Ne6x; 1.— Rg8 2.Nb5 Kc4 3.Ng6x.

PSYCHOLOGICAL VICTORY
VICTOR KORCHNOI scored an important psychological victory by winning the first game of his match with Gary Kasparov, which opened in London on November 22. Korchnoi played the first moves so quickly that Kasparov put his hands to his brow trying to fathom what his opponent had in mind. Kasparov resigned after 52 moves, and the pair shook hands before leaving the stage, marking a thaw in Korchnoi's tempestuous relations with the Soviet chess world.

Korchnoi took only two minutes over his first dozen moves, while Kasparov, who had the white pieces, spent 80 minutes on his decisions.

Under neon lights on a low dais in a London hotel, and in front of 300 paying spectators and 100 officials and reporters, Korchnoi's fingers flashed over the board to play his black pieces in response to his opponent's moves. "At the level of

chess played by grandmasters like these, instantaneous moves are almost unheard of," said former British champion IM Robert Bellin. Experts said the 20-year-old Kasparov was playing strongly in his own fashion, while 52-year-old Korchnoi kept him guessing.

INTER-KIBBUTZ CHAMPIONSHIP

THE 29th Inter-Kibbutz championship, held in Holon, was won by the Kibbutz Ha'artzi team, which garnered 29½ points. The United Kibbutz Movement team was second with 27½ points, and Holon selected third with 26½ points.

KAVKASIAN INTERNATIONAL
WEST GERMAN GM Eric Lobron, who had just won the top board prize in the World Youth Team Championship in Chicago, continued his winning streak by coming out on top at the Kavkasian International at the Kavkasian Restaurant in Manhattan. Lobron coasted to a win with a 9½-4½ score. IM Igor Ivanov took second

place, with a 9-5 score, missing a GM norm and a tie for first place by only half a point. Tied for third, with a 3-5 score, were GMs Robert Byrne and Ron Henley and IM Sergei Kudrin.

IVANOV ZALTSMAN
1.Nf3 d5 2.c4 c6 3.d4 c5 4.cd5 ed5 5.g3 Nc6 6.Bg2 Nf6 7.0-0 Be7 8.Nc3 0-0 9.Bc3 c4 10.Ne5 Qa5 11.Bg5! Rd8 12.e3 h6 13.Bf6 Bf6 14.f4 Be5 15.f6 Be6 16.Qh5 Rd7 17.Rad1 Rf8 18.a3 Qd8 19.h4 a6 20.Rd2 b5 21.Rd2 Qe7 22.g4 Qd8 23.g5 Ne7 24.Ne2! g6 25.Qh6 Nf5 26.Rf5 Bf5 27.Rf5! g7 28.Ng3 f6 29.Nf5 Rh7 30.Qg6 Kh8 31.g6 Rg8 32.h5!! Rg6 33.h6 Qd7 34.e4 de4 35.Be4 Kg8 36.Kg2 a5 37.d5 Qc7 38.d6! Qc5 39.gh7 Kh7 40.f7 Qe5 41.f8Q Qe4 42.Kg3 Qd3 43.Kf4. Black resigns.

ZALTSMAN LOBRON
1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 c6 3.Nf3 c5 4.d5 ed5 5.cd5 d6 6.Nc3 g6 7.e4 Bg7 8.Be2 0-0 9.0-0 Re8 10.Nd2 Nbd7 11.Kh1 Ne5 12.f4 Ng4 13.Rf3 Nh5 14.Qe1 f5 15.h3 Ng6 16.e5 Bf5 17.g4 Nc2 18.hg4 Bg4 19.Kg2 Bc3 20.b3 Qe7

21.Kf1 Nf4 22.Rf4 Bh3 23.Kg1 Qg5 24.Rg4 Qg4 25.Bg4 Re1 26.Kf2 Re1 27.Rc1 Bg4 28.Ne4 Rf8. White resigns.

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Khl; Q7; Re2, Rf1; Bb3, Be3; Ne7; Pa2, b2, c2, e4, g2, h2. (13). Black — Kh8; Qa5; Ra8, Rc8; Bg7; Ng4, Nh5; Pa7, b7, d6, g6, h7. (12).

1.Rf5! (1.Nc8? Ng3!) 1.— Ne5 (1.— g2 2.Qh5) 2.Ng6! Black resigns. If 2.— hg then 3.Rh5 gh4. Qh5 Bh6 5.Qh6x. (Mestel-Giffard, Lucerne, 1982.)

ENDGAME ARTISTRY

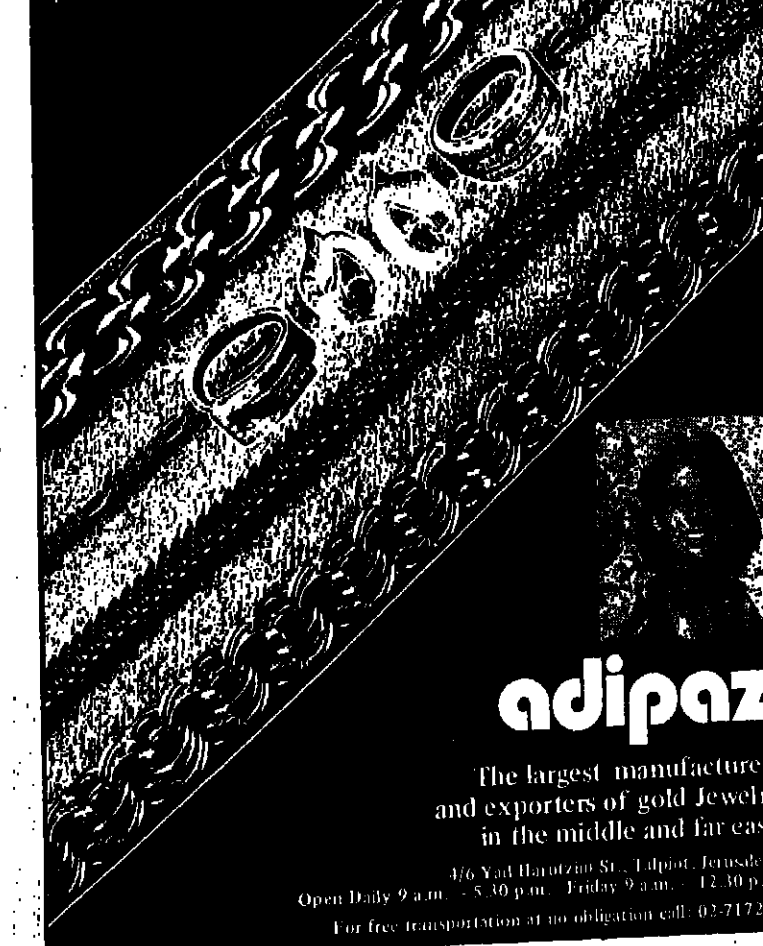
White — Ka2; Re3. (2). Black — Khl; Pc4, d3. (3). Black to play and win.
1.— d2 2.Rc3! Kgl (2.— d1Q? 3.Rc1!) 3.Kb2 (3.Kb1 Kf2 4.Rc2 Ke3! 5.Rc3 Ke2 6.Rc2 Kd3! and wins; Or 3.Rc2 c3! 4.Kb1 d1Q 5.Rc1 c2, etc, as in the main variation) 3.— d1Q 4.Rc1 c3 5.Kb1 c2 6.Kb2 Kf2, and Black wins. (Study by L. Moravec, 1937.) □

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9:30 pm: *Il Casanova Fellini*
Mon. at 7 pm: *Il Testa V. de Sica*
9:30 pm: *Miracolo a Milano de Sica*
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Thief of Baghdad*
7 pm: *Woyzeck Warner Herzog*
7:30 pm: small hall *The Scarlet Empress Joseph von Sternberg*
9:30 pm: *Belle de Jour Bunuel*
Wed. at 7 pm: *Hanush Dan Wachman*
9:30 pm: *Summerfield*
Thurs. at 4 pm: *A Bridge too Far*
7:30 pm: small hall *La Belle Americaine Robert Dorey*
10 pm: *Amici Miei*
midnight: *Mad Max II*
Fri. at 2 pm: *L'Avant Costa-Gavras*

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 Cobi Klesner: Paintings. A series of superlative on masonite paintings
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 Scapes - creating home theatre sets and greeting cards
 Memphis, Milano - furniture and accessories
 Michael Druks: Projection on Photographic Situations
 David Bomberg in Palestine 1923-1927
 Moritz Oppenheim - The First Jewish Painter (Spertus Gallery)
 Tip of the iceberg no. 2 - New acquisitions in Israeli Art
 Ori Reisman, Paintings, From Dec. 14
 Kadish Barnea - a fortress from the Jewish Kingdom (Rockefeller Museum)
 How to Study the Past - for children. Closed on Saturdays. (Paley Center, next to the Rockefeller Museum)
 The Wonderful World of Paper. (Paley Center)
 Special exhibit: Three silver Hanukkah lamps

EVENTS

CONCERT

Saturday, December 10 at 20.30
 SOLARE STRING QUARTET playing works by Beethoven
 Quartet, opus 18, no. 4; Quartet, opus 95
 Second concert in "Composers & Styles" series

THEATRE

Sunday, December 11 at 21.00 WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL "From Witchcraft to Psychiatry", presented by the "Scarlet Harlots", special guest group from England. The "Scarlet Harlots" bombard the audience with stunning images, ritual dancing, mime, masks, and ten-foot high body puppets.
 Tickets: IS 450; members/students IS 350
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CHILDREN'S FILM

Sun, Dec. 11; Mon, Dec. 12; Wed., Dec. 14; Thurs., Dec. 15 at 15.30
 "HIDE!" - a new animated version

LECTURES

Sunday, December 11 at 15.00
 IRON AGE CITIES IN THE WESTERN NEGEV
 Eliazar Oran (in English at the Rockefeller Museum)

Monday, December 12 at 20.30

PICASSO AND WOMEN Dr. Ziva Amichai-Mizels

Tuesday, December 13 at 20.30

JEWISH COSTUMES
 Guided lecture in Ethnography with Aviva Muller-Larson

Sponsored by Davida and Irene Sale

SENIOR CITIZENS' FILM

Monday, December 12 at 11.00

NUBIA '84 - saving the temples of ancient Egypt

Sponsored by David Soler

FILM

Tuesday, December 13 at 18.00 and 20.30

"JULIETTE OF THE SPIRITS" (Italy 1985)

Director: Federico Fellini

SPECIAL SCREENINGS

Wednesday, December 14 at 20.30

TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

1. Ethnography - presented by David Stafford-Clark

2. Medieval and Later Antiquities - presented by Lady Antonia Fraser

SPECIAL EVENT

Saturday, December 17 at 20.30

THE LIFE OF THE ORIENTAL WOMAN - "Cultures in Dance" series

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Narrated by Sara Levy-Tinai

Sponsored by Davida and Irene Sale

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Museum: Sun, Mon, Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; Tues. at 16.30

Rockefeller Museum, every Friday at 11.00

Shrine of the Book: Tuesday, December 13 at 15.00

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Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to

14.00

LIBRARY HOURS: Sun, Mon, Wed., Thurs. 10.30 to 17.00; Tues. 16.00 to

20.00

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun, Mon, Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues.

16.00 to 20.00

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY. Available in advance at the Museum and at the

ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem - Kie'im

Valiant fighter

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

WRITERS and composers commit their works to manuscript or print; painters and sculptors leave their creations to posterity, and architects' achievements live on in the public eye, if not always in its conscious mind. And modern technology has enabled performing artists to endure far beyond any personal recollection of their talents.

Yet many people who create "for the moment" or work behind the scenes, deeply influencing their time and their generation, are quickly forgotten in the flurry of modern life.

It is only a month since the death of Madelyn Coppock-Roden, following an incurable illness which she fought gallantly for a number of years. She was only 43 and full of plans when the final blow came. One of the most dynamic people I have ever met in the field of music and a valiant fighter against all odds, she was just coming into her own and beginning to realize some of her dreams in opera education and production.

She first arrived in Israel in 1962, and began to sing small parts with the Israel National Opera. There she met tenor Yaacov Roden and subsequently married him. Like many other vocalists, Roden had to look further afield for professional opportunities and in 1963 the couple left for Europe. Twelve years later, they came back here to stay. Coppock-Roden began to work at the Rubin Academy of Music in Jerusalem, and with its opera workshop produced operas by Donizetti (*L'elisir d'amore* in 1976)



and Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* (1977). Parting ways with the academy, she mounted several other productions, helped by a group of opera lovers called the Jerusalem Opera Society.

These productions may not have been totally professional, but they were remarkable in disclosing her uncanny gift for improvisation; making the impossible possible. Her battle against lack of funds and cooperation also earned her widespread respect and goodwill.

COPPOCK-RODEN's production of Verdi's *Otello* at the Jerusalem Theatre in 1978 showed what she could have done, given proper conditions and funds. Even stronger was the impression gained from seeing Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, which the dynamic producer put on at the Jerusalem Khan in 1980.

She dug up costumes, seemingly from under the stage floor; acted the role of town-crier, linking the

scenes; taught singers and choristers acting, singing and diction, and showed them how to put life into their performance. And she succeeded marvellously. Unfortunately, the production was not repeated (nor was it filmed by Israeli Television).

A SHORT sojourn at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York convinced her of her real task - to create a new generation of operatic talent, and also to teach young people to know and love opera.

With help from donors, both here and abroad, and various foundations, she started a project in cooperation with the social activities department of the Jerusalem Municipality. This culminated in the presentation of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* at the International Cultural Centre for Youth (ICCY) in Jerusalem.

Here again, she created the most fascinating things out of nothing. She mobilized a volunteer chorus; got hundreds of schoolchildren to participate in the production; collected materials for the costumes, had them made up and got carpenters to construct props. She also supervised every rehearsal (and every step of the preparations); elicited donations; chose the best artists and worked them into a lively, stimulating and professionally impressive performance.

And always, through all the years, she fought the illness which was to take her life so prematurely. Her energy and capacity for work put everyone to shame and lulled her host of friends into thinking that, perhaps, she might just win. But it was not to be.

Israel's operatic community has sustained a tragic loss, and Madelyn Coppock-Roden's memory will be cherished by friends, students and colleagues alike.

Strident priestess

ROCK, ETC. / Michal Yudelman

STEVIE NICKS' second solo album, *The Wild Heart* (General Music Co.), may be just too much of a good thing. Beautifully produced, impeccably performed and carefully written, it bears Stevie's stamp on every strip. And sometimes these strips are real hard to tell apart.

Stevie's first solo venture, *Bella Donna*, was as hauntingly original as her hits for Fleetwood Mac, only more individual, with creative experiments in voice, music and lyrics. Her second album is more "together" rhythmically and accompanied by a tight instrumental and vocal group. The end result is a team effort with a stronger rock orientation - which makes you wonder what's the point of breaking out on one's own.

The songs are lovely, especially "The Wild Heart," "Stand Back" (a recent hit on local radio), and "I Will Run to You," with Tom Petty (who wrote it) and the Heartbreakers. But as for the rest - Stevie's mystical, poetically obscure lyrics are not enough to distinguish one song from another and they all tend to merge in one's memory.

In the past, Stevie's numbers were Fleetwood Mac's best hits. Remember "Sarah," "Dreams," "Rhiannon" and "Gypsy"? If you liked them and the songs on *Bella Donna*, you're bound to like this

one, too, for Stevie's special qualities. But now that she's launched her solo career, she should concentrate on developing her music, rather than churn out repetitions of past successes dressed up with snappy arrangements.

THE HIGH priestess of new wave, also known as the *enfant terrible* of the European stage, Nina Hagen, continues her vein of violent music in *Angstlos* (C.B.S.). She sounds shrill and strident at first hearing, but Nina Hagen must be listened to more than twice to be appreciated. Hagen's special effects are, as always, varied and unexpected, from an angelic choir sounding like a parody on romantic pop, to breaking glass, or wild, insane laughter. Whether she sounds cold as ice, soft as a whisper or violent and neo-fascist, Hagen is always surprising. A rich, hard arrangement - known as killer-rock in our parts - accompanies the weird songs on this album.

RICK JAMES, whose colourful, even garish, appearance is anything but cold-blooded, hits us with a blood-chilling assortment of hard funk numbers on his latest issue, *Cold Blooded* (Eastwings). James takes this kind of music as far as it will go, and I confess it gets a little technical and harsh at times. But his

ballads are as full of soul and as forceful as ever.

David Bowie's *Golden Years* (Eastwings) is a good collection of hits for Bowie fans who don't have his previous albums. Includes the winners, "Fashion," "Ashes to Ashes" and "Wild in the Wind."

Smokey Robinson needs no introduction. His *Blame It on Love* and *all the Great Hits* (Eastwings) is a compilation of his soft ballads, ideal for a low-lights party or any romantic scene. Motown's first chart-hits maker of yore seems to have settled for the older, less frenzied audience, but I guess he knows which side his bread is buttered on, and he's not getting any younger.

Country Queen Dolly Parton has released *The Very Best Of* (Eastwings), another album of kitschy pop and country music. She sounds quite good when she sticks to country ballads, and awful when she crosses over to pop or tries her hand at sticky rock.

USUALLY I don't go for compilations, but every now and then one comes along which really sends me. This time it's *Laughter and Tears* (General Music Company), and as soon as I heard it I knew it was just what the doctor ordered. It opens with Randy Crawford's irresistible "One Day I'll Fly Away" and continues with Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman," through Roberta Flack's unforgettable "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face," Aretha Franklin, Rose Royce, Candi Staton, George Benson and others.

THE NATIONAL Theatre for Children and Youth, which has done a great deal of educational work throughout the years, is presenting, for the second season, in a somewhat modified form, a play called *Hahug L'drama - The Drama Circle* - meaning a class or workshop for theatrical activities within the framework of a youth club.

In the play, a social worker with theatrical training attempts to save a group of five youngsters, all of them but the girl with a police record and a history of drug addiction, from a life of fugitivity and crime, by inducing them to act out their problems and experiences. This they do first through recounting them, then by putting together a complete show to be performed before local audiences. The play was written and directed by Motti Baharav, who has had a lot of experience both in the theatre and in youth counselling, and who is a committed citizen concerned with the grave problem of marginal youth.

National Theatre productions are designed for students aged 13 to 18, and move from school to school, sometimes several times a day. The company also appears in youth clubs and in development towns and other places throughout the country, thus reaching a very varied audience.

A PLAY of this kind has to be judged on two levels: as a piece of theatre, to be considered according to the standards of the art, like any other performance; and as an educational project aimed at a specific public. Before presenting

my argument, let me say that I consider this play to be satisfactory on the first count and excellent on the second.

Theatre in education may have two main purposes: education for theatre, and education through theatre. In both cases the means may be either performing shows or activating people to take part in theatre work. *Hahug L'drama* as written, is designed for the latter purpose; as staged, it fulfils the former.

Dealing with the second point first, education for the theatre means drawing a new generation into the fold, creating the public of the future. Theatre-going is primarily a habit, and a large part of the population (not only in Israel) has not yet crossed a "threshold of fear" into a legitimate theatre.

Since many families do not inculcate the habit in their children, the value of this enterprise must be evident to anyone who regards this art as important. Explanations and discussions before and after a performance contribute to its educational value, and these are usually conducted by the company itself or by teachers who are guided by material provided by it. Only the future will show the full effects of the company's work, but there is already plenty of justification for saying that it is eminently useful.

Education through theatre is a much more complicated matter. Theatrical and dramatic activities are being undertaken in many fields, from group dynamics to the teaching of foreign languages and the raising of political and social consciousness.

IN STAGING a play, the main questions from an educational point

Teaching by stages

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

of view are about the subject-matter - its relevance, its impact - and about the way it is presented. An educational purpose demands a positive attitude, measured by the values of the society, which in a democracy should include the ability to criticize the powers that be.

Performances which fulfil these purposes and demands should also be judged on an artistic level. Since the plays are usually written - or, if they exist in the literary repertoire, performed - with an eye to the current, topical scene, they cannot possibly be masterpieces of drama (with a very few exceptions). The aesthetic judgment has to concentrate on their theatrical effectiveness - the impact of the text, the direction and the acting, and a measure of artistic truthfulness and authenticity.

The Drama Circle more or less measures up to these requirements. The impact is strong, moving and thought-provoking. The story-line is rather like a detective story. It starts with the whole group, except the girl, in jail for some undefined crime, and ends with the full enactment of the crime - what, when, how and who. The story is told in a

series of flashbacks, with several of the group being questioned by a police officer. It transpires that they were caught not by police work, but because their "counsellor" (that's what they call the street-gang counsellor all the way through) succeeded in getting them to act out their personal problems and thereby heal some of their wounds. They then all agreed to put on a public performance of their personal and collective stories. By that time they were on the way to social rehabilitation, all of them working and earning a living, and taking part enthusiastically in the drama project. A police officer who saw the performance took it as a confession to the crime, even though the victim - a woman who had been robbed declined to press charges when they made restitution of their own free will. Thus, their rehabilitation became a trap of their own making.

This is either an existential paradox (like Catch 22), or a grave charge against the police who have been holding them "pending investigation," i.e., for several months. Police activity and jail are shown as obstacles to rehabilitation and paths to further crime. This is a serious indictment, and it is not the task of a theatre critic to judge its truth. Theatricality, it sounds convincing. A play like this should at least make people ask questions about the facts - in real life, not only on the stage.

THE UPHILL struggle of their counsellor to make the youngsters fall in with the idea of a drama group and of the kind of self-exposure that goes with it is shown in detail both in the text and in the acting. There are moving and

throat-catching moments, and others of revelation and reflection. Sociologically, the set-up is very interesting and almost conforms to the textbooks. We have a group with a pecking order: a leader, his followers of different ranks, and the "bottom nian on the totem pole," a somewhat clumsy, not very clever, persecuted youth with a desperate need for companionship and "belonging." The leader is violent, self-centred, irritable (his nickname, Asabi, means, in Arabized Hebrew, prone to emotional crises) yet intelligent and authoritative. There is the constant threat of violence, and the counsellor's efforts to prevent it. There is a constant preoccupation with loyalty and trust within the groups, to protect it against the norms of the outside world.

The acting is good. Most of the actors are graduates of Israeli theatre schools and their enthusiasm and freshness are more important in this production than a certain lack of experience and professionalism.

Apart from giving a youthful audience an experience of theatre this play, by presenting important problems and dealing with them in a positive way - is also a valuable example of education through drama. The part played by their drama activity in the group's rehabilitation is one of the important things Motti Baharav wanted to say, and he has said it well. His play is also a tribute to the theatre.

Assuming that my readers are grown-ups, may I advise you that this play is not for youngsters only. You may not think you need education, but you need the experience, because it concerns you too. □

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The two following deals are from the semi-finals:

Deal 1
Vul: N-S

| North (D) | | East | |
|-----------|----------|---------|----------|
| ♠ J62 | ♥ K97654 | ♠ KJ43 | ♥ 854 |
| ♦ K9 | ♠ A10 | ♦ 854 | ♥ 3 |
| ♠ 986542 | ♠ A86 | ♦ J1073 | ♥ Q10752 |
| ♠ A86 | ♠ A86 | ♦ Q1073 | ♥ A86 |
| ♠ A86 | ♠ A86 | ♦ A86 | ♥ A86 |

The Bidding:

| West | North | East | South |
|--------|----------|------|-------|
| 2♣ | 2NT | 3♣ | 6♥ |
| 3♣ | 3♣ | 3♣ | 6♥ |
| Double | All Pass | | |

The Aces, North-South were in an impossible slam. They could lose two aces, but they made the slam. It seemed to West as though declarer must have a void in clubs. How else to understand South's precipitous jump to a slam? The opening lead was the heart ace. For the lead to the second trick, West decided to shorten declarer's trump and win a

Ten-team tournament

BRIDGE
George Levinrew

club trick later with the ace. How wrong he was. Declarer had the choice of discarding three clubs from dummy on the high diamonds and then relying on the spade finesse. But he found a better plan than to rely on the 50 per cent chance in spades. He discarded only two spades. Then he established the spade suit for the discard of two more clubs.

Vul: Both
Deal 2

| North | | East | |
|---------|-------|---------|-------|
| ♠ A83 | ♥ 986 | ♠ J9874 | ♥ K10 |
| ♦ A6432 | ♠ K10 | ♦ J9874 | ♥ K10 |
| ♠ K10 | ♠ K10 | ♦ J9874 | ♥ K10 |
| ♠ K10 | ♠ K10 | ♦ J9874 | ♥ K10 |

Op this deal between the French and the Italians, in which the French were North-South, they bid four hearts and made 12 tricks as follows:

A spade was led to the king in dummy and a heart continued. The ten was routinely played by East to the jack and queen. After winning a trick, declarer continued with

hearts, capturing the king with the ace. He then played on clubs, ruffing the fourth club. The diamond ace was played, a diamond ruffed in hand, the last outstanding trump was pulled and the contract was claimed for 680 points.

On the replay, the French outplayed Italy, who as North-South reached a six-hearts contract. The opening lead was the same, but when a heart was led for the second trick, East played the king rather than the ten, and declarer won with the ace. Clubs were continued by declarer who ruffed a third club but was over-ruffed by East with the ten. If declarer had first pulled trump, the defence would have won a trump and a club. To finesse the club ten, although it would have worked, would have been farfetched. It was East's brilliant play of the heart king that led to the defeat of the contract. The score was 1,430.

RON KLINGER of Australia brings a new dimension to his bridge writing. In *World Championship Pairs Bridge* (Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 167 pp., hard cover, 1983). In 69 deals from world championships played every four years from 1962, he does much more than merely report on results. He describes the bridge thinking of the top players in the world. He shows the choices before them and gives the readers points for decisions on these problems.

The following deal is No. 35 from pages 83-85, played in Stockholm in 1970 with 158 pairs participating.

Vul: E-W

| North | | East | |
|--------|--------|---------|----------|
| ♠ A9 | ♥ K2 | ♠ A97 | ♥ AK8532 |
| ♦ 753 | ♠ 5 | ♦ KQ632 | ♠ J974 |
| ♠ J974 | ♠ J974 | ♦ KQ632 | ♠ J974 |
| ♠ J974 | ♠ J974 | ♦ KQ632 | ♠ J974 |

The bidding:

| North | South | E-W pass throughout |
|-------|-------|---------------------|
| 1♥ | 3♣ | |
| 3♣ | 2NT | |
| 4♣ | 6♥ | |

North shows great power with his jump shift to three clubs, and his three no trump indicated a balanced hand without a singleton or void. If there is any hope for a grand slam, further action is left to South. When South selects a suit, North places the small slam in his longest suit.

The opening lead was the diamond king to the ace. Declarer had three possible plans: 1. A heart finesse, and if it works, try to establish clubs. If the clubs do not split 3-3, guess the spade position. 2. Play spades at once, planning if necessary to trump a spade in dummy. You would then need to drop the heart queen in two rounds. 3. Play to set up the club suit for extra winners on which to discard spades. The author assigns three rating points for choosing the third alternative.

Your next problem is how to play hearts. Three more rating points are awarded for cashing the heart



ace before leading a heart to dummy's king. The aim is to follow the heart king with a club to ruff, the club queen having been played. This avoids the slight risk of a 5-1 club split and West over-ruffing.

So you have won the heart ace and king. Then what? There is a two point rating for leading a low club from dummy and planning next to lead a low heart to the queen. If East then leads a diamond, you can ruff, draw the last trump, lead to the spade ace and run the clubs. However, East does not make it that easy. His lead was the spade king. You can no longer run the clubs. You must rely on a spade finesse of the nine. If it holds, you can continue clubs until East ruffs and you over-ruff.

Fifty-seven pairs reached six hearts, but only 17 pairs made the contract. This analysis is illustrative of the rich fare you will find in the book, which is highly recommended for all bridge students.

Sheriff Ronnie



TELEREVIEW
Phillip Gillon

SOME MONTHS ago I compared the Middle East serial put on each night by our news and feature services to a film epic about the taming of the West, with Arik playing the role of the paleface scout making Redskins bite the dust. This week we saw a sequel, but with a new actor: President Ronald Reagan is once more playing a cowboy part. Now, however, unlike in the old days, he is the hero, not the hero's noble friend who loses the lass in the end and rides disconsolately into the sunset.

The same analogy has apparently struck the Europeans, according to what we heard on Dan Ravi's mid-night debate between Victor Cygelman of *Nouvel Observateur* and Jay Bushinsky of CNN Cable News Network. Cygelman said that the Europeans are comparing Reagan to the quick-on-the-draw sheriff, prepared to shoot to protect his concept of what is right and lawful.

I remember, in the days of my boyhood, reading with wonder the Bar-20 novels of Clarence E. Mulford about a hell-raising knight in cowboy's chaps named Hopalong Cassidy (not to be confused with the feeble, do-gooder of television, who was given the same sobriquet). The original Hopalong eventually got some kind of lawman's badge and, claiming that his jurisdiction applied to wherever any of his friends happened to be, extended his writ to shoot people in every state west of the Mississippi.

Sheriff Ronnie is apparently applying Hopalong's principle to most of the planet earth. It is therefore very comforting to know that we stand so high on his list of the buddies entitled to have him firing from the hips with both guns blazing on our behalf. It is little wonder that Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir was smiling broadly when we saw him talking to former secretary of state Cyrus Vance.

He has every reason to be pleased with himself. In the short period that he has been premier, he has managed quietly to reverse several of his predecessor's most cherished policies. His latest achievement is to negotiate the cliché — repeated by Labour prime ministers long before Begin's term of office — that no American soldier would ever need to fight Israel's wars; that, on the contrary, our boys would be on the front line in the Middle East, defending American interests till hell freezes over.

The deaths of American marines and airmen are profoundly mourned, and we are all concerned about the wellbeing of the captured pilot; but we would be less than human if we did not feel in our hearts that we prefer Americans rather than Israelis to suffer the casualties.

Of course, nobody has said openly that the Americans are fighting for Israeli interests: quite the opposite. Jay Bushinsky in the above-mentioned interview, ex-president Gerald Ford and Secretary of State George Shultz, all talked as if the American action related entirely to American needs, and as if Israel were as remote from the field of operations as the moon. These defenders of Reagan's strong line against the Syrians and Druse stressed that the purpose of the attack was solely to protect the Americans. But it certainly suits us to have the Syrians written hip and thigh. And we were the people who turned Lebanon into a war zone in June, 1982 resulting in the mess that exists today.

Anyway, it was certainly not altogether unpleasant to play the

deceased although not lamented leaders, Ronnie's timing of tough action is perfect. It may be that they are still alive, but ill. In that case, I can only say, in the words of Oscar Wilde on hearing that somebody he detested was sick, "Nothing trivial, I hope."

IT IS HARD to determine why the six-part explanatory series, *Before the Pillars of Fire*, is falling so flat. The 17-part serial about the birth and development of Zionism up to 1948 was a very remarkable achievement; Yigal Lissin has a pleasant and relaxed manner; we should never find Zionism tedious.

But the show about the show is not succeeding. Perhaps it suffers from being an anti-climax, perhaps it comes too soon after we quarrelled fiercely over the main show. When the serial was shown, we got very hot under the collar about the injustice done to the Hovevei Zion, or the yekkes, or the Sephardim, or the South Africans, or whoever we believe was the true embodiment of Zionism. What we are now seeing can generate as much heat as thoroughly soaked charcoal.

The analysis is like having a scientist trying to explain in terms of cybernetics the wonder of a Calvin Smith winning a sprint, or Muhammad Ali boxing in his prime.

The issue posed this week by Lissin was whether Zionism was colonialist and imperialist. To me, any argument that Zionism was either of these nasty things at the time when the Balfour Declaration was issued is just absurd; it clearly was not.

There is a real issue: did Zionism go wrong, and become twisted into an imperialist, colonialist movement, after 1967? I still get a feeling of fury and revulsion when the noble words of early Zionism, that used to ring like bugles, are debased and applied to what is going on in the occupied areas. But this, of course, is way beyond Lissin's purview.

ONE SHOW that has grown on me as time passes is *The Andros Targets*. At first I resented its not being *Lou Grant*, which I still miss. It seemed to me to be a cross between a second-class newspaper epic and a run-of-the-mill thriller, with production, direction and acting all floundering in subtlety.

But familiarity has made the heart grow fonder, and I am beginning to like Mike and his girl Friday, although some of his methods would never pass the high ethical standards of the Israel Journalists' Association. This week he had his girl pretend to be the daughter of a missing labour leader identifying her father's body in the morgue, a deception which induced the villain to dig up the concrete overcoat in which he had encased the trade unionist. How stupid can a murderer be?

Yet I find *Andros* exciting, and it does keep me awake late at night for *Not the Nine O'Clock News* — no mean feat.

ANYONE who has ever played cricket knows how memorable is the attainment of a century. Our shekel has now achieved the remarkable extinction, I mean distinction, of being worth a cent. This reminds me of a remark I heard, when somebody asked me in Hebrew how I was feeling, and I answered with the Hebrew idiom, "One hundred per cent." "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "You must be very ill. In these days of inflation, you have to feel at least 200 per cent to be passably fit."

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EVENTS
1. "Interrelations between Hebrew and Yiddish Literature" A study evening in Yiddish and Hebrew on the occasion of the appearance of the bilingual publication "Gasharim-Bricklen". (In cooperation with the World Council for Yiddish Literature and Culture.) Participants: Yitzhak A. Orpaz, Rivka Basman, Eliezer Podriatshik. Chairman: Yitzhak Korn.
Sunday, December 12 at 8 pm.
2. "The Future of Religious Zionism" A study evening. (In cooperation with "Kivunim", a publication on Judaism and Zionism published by the Information Department of the World Zionist Federation, Jerusalem.) Participants: Rabbi Yochanan Fried, Michael Nehorai, Dr. Yitzhak Raphael. Moderator: Uzi Narkiss. Tuesday, December 13 at 8.30 pm.
3. "Religious Poetry of the Jews of Yemen" Thirteenth lecture in the series "The Study, Art and Folklore of the Jews of Yemen". (In cooperation with the school for Jewish Studies of Tel Aviv University and the "Eilat Betanar" Association.) Lecturer: Dr. Yosef Tobl. Admission fee: IS 200.
Wednesday, December 14 at 7 pm.
Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, tel. 03-425161. Buses 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 274, 572.

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JOHN BUTLER'S *Medea*, which has become legend among modern dance creations, is to be staged by the Bat-Dor Company.

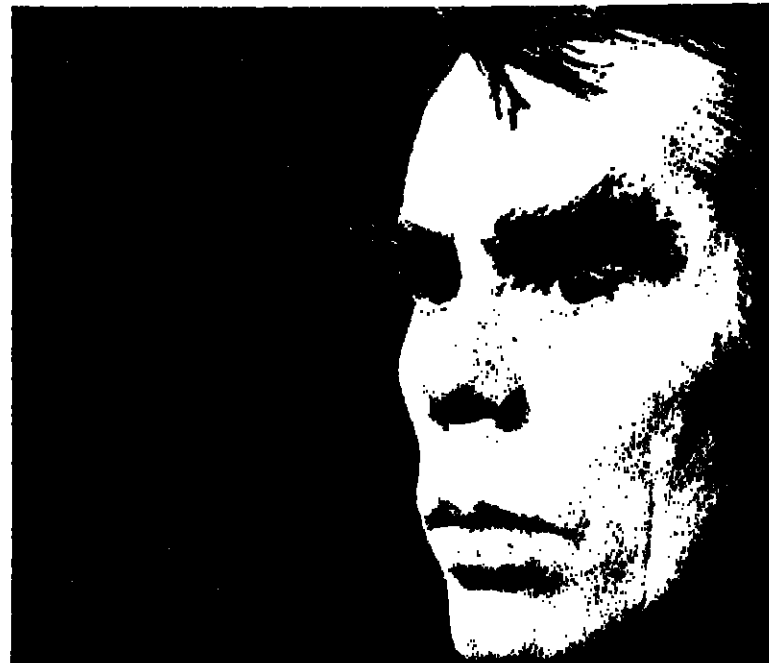
Premiered at the Spoleto Festival in Italy in 1975, it was the first work by a Western choreographer in which Baryshnikov appeared. He danced it with Carla Fracci, Italy's greatest ballerina, and the two appeared again in its first New York performances the following year.

The effect was so tremendous that a book of photographs by Thomas Victor, taken during the Spoleto rehearsals and entitled *The Making of a Dance*, with comments by Butler, Fracci and Baryshnikov and an introduction by Clive Barnes, was published in 1976.

Medea had been commissioned by producer Joseph Wisby for inclusion in a Spoleto tribute to composer Samuel Barber. Both Gian-Carlo Menotti, who founded the festival, and Wisby were close friends of Barber. They decided on an evening of music and dance. Who better than Butler to create a work for the occasion? Barber had originally composed the music in 1946 for Martha Graham who also used the *Medea* theme in her *Cave of the Heart* (seen here in 1966-67 staged by the Batsheva Company and in 1979 by the Martha Graham Company).

Butler did not imitate the Graham work, which he knew well, as he had been a leading dancer in her company. Nor did he use the music the same way. The original score took 23 minutes, but Barber himself had condensed it for concert purposes to 15 minutes. Using the shorter version, he made the dance a duo.

"My choreography of *Medea* is not in any sense a narrative piece," he said during his stay in Israel.



LEGEND

DANCE
Dora Sowden

"The movement is based on emotional image. The two characters — *Medea* and Jason — are already into the tragedy."

The roles will be danced here by Jeannette Ordman and Reda Sheta.

"I have worked a great deal with female dancers with a strong dramatic presence," said Butler.

"All of my pieces tend to be theatre dance. I like working with Jeannette and Reda. Jeannette does dramatic roles extremely well, very strongly.

We move in the same landscape. I feel that Reda complements Jeannette — an excellent partner." (They have already appeared together in his *Othello*.)

DURING the past 12 months, Butler has been choreographing all over the world.

"I work a great deal in Australia, Italy, Germany (four different companies), also in the States, particularly with Alvin Ailey's company and the American Ballet Theatre but also with the Joffrey Ballet, the Pennsylvania Ballet and so on. And in Canada I recently completed my sixth work for *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens*. This is my eighth visit to Israel, and my sixth work for Bat-Dor. I have also done three works for the Batsheva company — so it is obvious I like coming here."

It is interesting to note that in Venezuela, where he has worked with two different companies, *Medea* has been danced by Maria Barrios and Israeli Ofer Zaks.

From Israel Butler goes to France, Belgium and then to Italy to do a new work for Fracci. Then on to Mississippi, where he spent his youth, to do another work for the company there. This year, the state government declared October 14 a special John Butler Day, with the Mississippi Ballet staging a premiere of one of his works.

"I like working with different companies," says Butler. "I don't want to work only with one company and get into problems of politics and administration. I have been offered the directorship of many companies, but have always declined. I really want creative freedom."

Baryshnikov has described *Medea* as "a dialogue between two passionate people." About himself in the work he is quoted in Victor's book as saying: "This was the first time I worked with John, the first time I danced with Carla, the first ballet choreographed for me in the West, the first time at Spoleto, and the first time I rehearsed the same ballet in two continents and four cities — and it all ended up a duet!"

VISITORS to Israel during the past week were Dr. and Mrs. Gedeon P. Dienes, of Budapest. He is adviser to the Hungarian Institute for Culture, particularly on dance, and he came to see what is going on here at the suggestion of Barry Swersky, a member of the executive dance committee of the International Theatre Institute.

During his stay, Dienes saw several companies, mostly in rehearsal. He found three of them

"unique." He said, "Companies like Bat-Dor and Batsheva, however good, are what one may find in the world. The Inbal Dance Theatre is something on its own. The Kibbutz Company at Ga'aton has in its basis and organization a quality like nothing else anywhere. The Kol Demama [the group of hearing and deaf dancers] is truly unique."

His own work nowadays is not so much direct dance reviewing as feature-writing and lectures. He would be speaking about Israel on his return home, he said.

In Hungary, there is a classical company of 100 dancers serving two theatres. There are also modern companies in Pecs and other towns, very forward-looking, and five major folkdance companies. He would like some of the gifted young choreographers to come and see what is going on in Israel.

SUDDEN illness prevented Ruth Eshel from participating in her *Dolls* at Jerusalem's Train Theatre of the Liberty Bell Gardens last Saturday night. On the principle "the show must go on" her company of four carried on — dancers Ariela Ben-Chorin-Kimchi and Michal Gilon with Yael Eshel to display the titles and Michael Zakim to play the clarinet effectively when taped music wasn't used.

The show deserved better premises — not such a tiny stage, such noisy floorboards, such an inadequate exit for performers. But, of course, this railway-carriage-into-theatre is intended for children with their vivid imaginations. I was told the morning session for them was crowded and happy.

Ingenious use of costumes testified to the inventiveness of the choreography, mainly by Eshel, assisted by Kimchi.

THE PARIS Sofitel is fairly empty in the month of August. A huge, sprawling, luxurious mausoleum on the outskirts of town, it is one of those showy, expensive hotels which are so like each other that you can't tell them apart. The Heliport next door ensures that the big shots can be flown to and from the airport, avoiding the traffic-jams and other irritations of old-fashioned car transport.

But it is August and there are no traffic jams. Indeed, there are hardly any Frenchmen in Paris. Most of them have gone away for *les vacances*. The Sofitel is silent as a tomb. A couple of blacks are polishing the floors and watering the plants. Behind the gift-shop counter oriental faces peer at you, eager to extend their services. You think nothing could be going on in such a peaceful place.

Then you walk down one lobby, up another corridor, past a couple of doors and suddenly you're on a movie set. There's everything there, actors, technical crew, cameras, lights, electric cables all over the floor. But it is all under control, organized. Apparently nobody has been told that filmmaking is a naturally chaotic process. And to top it all, the director in charge of it all is a rookie, a beginner who has never before attempted to make a feature film.

BY RIGHTS, he should be in a state of nerves, jumpy, biting his nails. Maybe he is but, at least while we are there, he manages to hide it. And maybe he is more composed and secure than others would be, for a good reason. Richard Dembo may never have made a movie on his own, but he has been in movies for many years.

Now in his late thirties, he started in his teens, with short subjects, graduated to being an assistant to many well-known French directors and then switched to the stage. For several years he was house director at the Paris Opera, part of the team responsible for keeping the original staging of an opera intact through the many inevitable changes of cast.

On the side, he made a reputation for himself as a script doctor, the person called in by a desperate producer a day or two before shooting starts to flesh out and give the plot a saving twist. If Dembo's name has never acquired any glamour for the public, it is only because this is an unsung profession, which rarely gets credit on the screen. But those in trouble know very well whom they should summon.

So, after having saved others, Dembo may feel quite confident that he can keep himself out of trouble. Confident enough to demand, before he signed the contract, that it provided for his having all his Friday nights and Saturdays free. For Dembo is a *Hazer B'Tshuva*, a newly-observant Jew, who would not compromise his principles even for the chance of a lifetime. And wonder of wonders, in this profession known for its hectic schedules and round-the-clock activity, he got his way.

HOW COME? One explanation is that the producer's name is Arthur Cohn. The tall, gangly Swiss has strong feelings on the subject himself, and maybe this unusual demand may even have attracted him to the whole project. For one thing is obvious, Cohn doesn't care to produce normal pictures, pictures without a challenge.

Indeed, he is a strange type for a producer. While most of his colleagues argue that the more films

The manipulator



Bernhard Wicki, the referee, with the dissenting champion, Alexander Arbati in "The Master's Play."

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

Jean-Jacques Annaud, which turned out to be an international hit and a critics' favourite.

FLASHBACK to a couple of evenings before the visit to the Sofitel location. In the posh Prince de Galles, the status-symbol restaurant off the Champs Elysees, Cohn and Dembo are sitting across the table from us, dinner disposed of, elaborating on their project, *The Fool's Gambit*.

Dembo is talking about a pure encounter of minds, a competition between intellects. Cohn presses him to be more specific, brings him down to earth. Dembo begins again and the plot slowly emerges — a story about a young Russian chess master, Pavlus Fromm, who can't get a shot at the world title on home ground, because the powers that be want to keep the reigning champion, who also happens to be the young challenger's mentor, in his seat. Fromm defects, leaving his wife behind, and from his refuge in the West demands, and gets, a chance to meet the champion for the title.

Shades of the Korchnoi-Karpov match? Sure, only upside down. For Korchnoi, the defender, was the older of the two, while in the movie, it is Liebskind, the Soviet flag-bearer, who could be his opponent's father. But once you browse through the script, or listen to Dembo going into details, it is clear that the tempestuous Fisher-Spassky encounter and all the histrionics around it have left their imprint too. Finally, Dembo points out, defectors, dissidents, Soviet participation in international tournaments, all are very fashionable subjects, discussed at length not only on professional sports pages, but also by political analysts and dabblers in mass psychology.

OF COURSE, to fit in with fashionable trends, particularly popular with French intellectuals (after all, half of the movie is shot

among them), the plot should have led to a confrontation between two different oppressions: the blunt, aggressive, heavy-handed Communist brand, as opposed to the subtler, more sophisticated but no less deadly capitalist kind.

Dembo has no intention of bowing to this particular fashion. His story may not directly concern the Jewish problem or Jewish rights in the USSR, but he has no doubts about which side he is on. There is no place left for individuals when patriotism and socialism and a dozen other "isms" have monopolized the scene. And in any case, the Jewish problem is not forgotten. Liebskind, the titleholder, is Jewish. In a crisis he will revert from Russian to Yiddish, and at a crucial point in the story he encourages his private doctor, who has been brought from Moscow to treat him at the Geneva tournament (for that is where the world championship takes place), to slip through the secret service net and join his two sons in Israel.

To be on the safe side and avoid accusations of Zionist propaganda because of his Jewish origins, Dembo stretches the picture further. Liebskind may be Jewish, but his team displays a deliberate variety of ethnic backgrounds. There are Armenians, Ukrainians, Estonians, Georgians and a shrink with definitely Mongolian features. And, again not by accident, they display no great affection either for each other or for Mother Russia, who has embraced them in her strangling bear-hug.

Another drink and a quick survey of the cast, which includes Michel Piccoli as the old master and Leale Caron as his worried wife; two outstanding Polish actors, Daniel Olbrychski and Wojciech Pszoniak (Robespierre in *Walden's Danton*); and Liv Ullmann, the superb Norwegian actress who has been Ingmar Bergman's inspiration for years, as Marina Fromm, the wife left behind in Russia, who unwittingly becomes a pawn in the psychological warfare between the two camps.

As for the lead, at one time both Cohn and Dembo considered the possibility of using Richard Dreyfuss, a chess enthusiast who

would have felt very much at home in this kind of story. When it turned out that there was no chance of getting the American star, they preferred a relative unknown, not only because of his talent, but also because his own story isn't all that different from Fromm's. Alexander Arbati is a young Russian actor who threw up a promising career in Moscow and left for the West. He has been in Paris for several years, getting hardly any work on the stage, and this is his first real break on the big screen. His frustration and anger are certainly attuned to the part he has to play.

NOW, BACK to the Sofitel. These are still the early days of shooting. The big stars — Caron, Piccoli, Ullman — haven't yet joined the team. In the small reception room, Dembo is applying the final touches before the camera starts rolling. The scene is a crucial one: the defecting master's first press conference in the West. At one end of the room, on a small podium, Fromm sits with the newly-acquired team of Western chess mavericks who will support him in the coming battle. Among the 20 or so stand-ins supposed to be reporters hungry for a scoop are some real journalists, getting an early glimpse of the production, some professional actors, and the French co-producer, Martine Marignac, who, for the fun of it, will be one of the inquisitive newshawks prying into the champion's private life.

Behind the camera, Raoul Coutard, one of the New Wave's finest gifts to cinematography, is quietly guiding his own team and at the appropriate moment drops a suggestion to the director that is accepted with gratitude.

Work proceeds at that infuriating tempo which has brought many stage-trained to the conclusion that the most difficult part of filming is the waiting. Slowly, the scene takes shape; the press conference starts routinely, and builds up gradually, and reaches its climax when Fromm grabs a little man in a raincoat who is just about to leave the room and reveals him as a KGB agent masquerading under the guise of a reporter for the *Red Army Gazette*.

At noon, outside the hotel, actors, technicians, producers and stars all gather in the mess tent. After all, there is no occupation more important for a Frenchman than eating and food and wine have to be of a certain standard if you want to keep your employees happy.

Once again, between courses, Cohn and Marignac stress that this is not a drama about chess, but about the people behind it. Sure, watching two persons move pieces on a black and white board is not all that exciting, but hopefully, what makes them tick will be. Hopefully, for no one can be sure until a final cut is ready, whether all the palpitating moments so carefully planned really work out up there on the screen.

LAST WEEK, a phone call. Arthur Cohn lets us know that the movie has a new title, *The Master's Play*. It turns out that there was once a romantic thriller entitled *The Fool's Gambit*. True, finding names that have never been used before and sound pungent enough, is a difficult job. If everything goes according to plan, Cohn hopes to have the film ready for a spring release, and, as he has done in the past, he wants to have the world premiere in Israel.

There is no commitment as to date, but one thing is certain: it won't happen before Cohn is good and ready for it.

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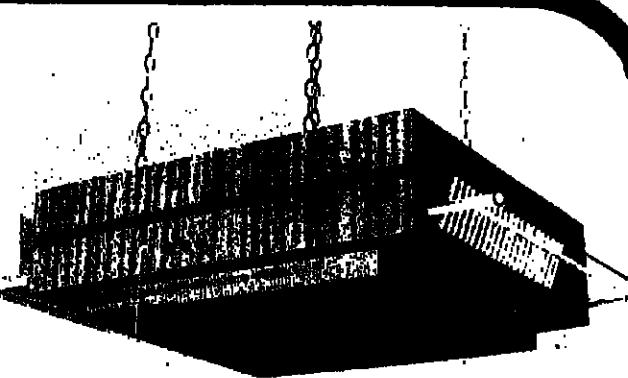
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Private grief

Gil Goldfine

"IT'S UGLY, but sad, Mommy," remarked an eight-year-old boy as he looked attentively at "Everyone's Sitting," a new, eloquently stated, sculptural installation by ceramicist Zlona Shimshi.

Anti-war statements are never pretty, and those by local artists predictably hit out at the political scene more than they react to the essential calamity of what happens, during and after wars, to people's lives — in short, the human factor. Shimshi's sculptural piece is a direct, monumental statement about the ordinary folk down the street or in the next apartment; those who have no recourse other than to lament and seek justice within themselves.

Shimshi is able to use her medium of unglazed, fired clay to describe a wide spectrum of situations and emotions. Her larger-than-life environment comprises 25 truncated rectangular pillars (approximately 60 cm high) on which nine large, armless, male figures are dispersed, each one dying or dead of battle wounds. Cast aluminum shapes increase Shimshi's dramatic narrative as RPG shells penetrate the torso, or funnel shapes enter and exit the body as if they symbolized vehicles for bullets or the channelling of blood.

The use of raw, unglazed clay in a Shimshi characteristic, which works especially well in this piece because of its close affinity to the "land." "Everyone's Sitting" is contemporary archaeology. The graveyard (pillar) stela are coordinates of the armless figures, symbolic of man's inability to put into action the manifestations of his mind; the demise of creativity, production and inkline.

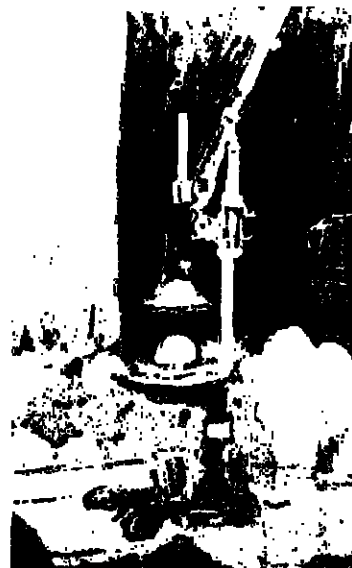


Zlona Shimshi: ceramic sculpture (Herzliya Museum).

In addition to the square necropolis, Shimshi shows "The Shadow of a Man is not a Man" a series of seven colossal flat figures braced against the walls and floor. Designed in a harsh naturalism, with grotesque features and shattered bodies, Shimshi attributes to each figure a totemic effigy, from beer cans to a laurel wreath and sacrificial objects.

Shimshi's sherds represent an encounter with human behaviour that is both accepting and defiant, contemptuous and sympathetic. The gallery space, with its barren cement wall and low black ceiling is supportive of the composition's note of condemnation and helps preserve the moralistic overtones. (Herzliya Museum, Yad Lebanim, Wolfson Street). Till Jan. 4.

USUALLY A DEN of progressive avant guardism, the Kibbutz Gallery offers a delightful show of ceramic figurines by Bat-Sheva Sheflin, a member of Kibbutz Hefzibah who settled in the Emek in 1932, direct from Berlin. Sheflin has been modelling her little people for the past 35 years. Paralleling Hellenistic Tanagra terracottas,



Amos Rabin: painting (Binet Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Sheflin's single characters and group arrangements are all part of an extended anthropological epic, for her art describes, humorously and in quixotic narration, the community life of the kibbutz in all its aspects: tractor drivers and wagons, kiddies off to school and kindergarten, the choir, string quartet, family on Shabbat, etc. The impact of Sheflin's living society is embodied in her scores of "cartoonish" volumes which are, nevertheless, very believable, because the artist's keen observational sculpting of anatomical forms is tied to an awareness of gestural simplicity. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 22.

SCANNING a crowded Tel Aviv street from the business side of a kiosk counter is the subject of Amos Rabin's large oil paintings. The closely cropped compositions and scumbled surfaces capture an intimate corner of this country's street life. And in a very European manner, the vantage point is from the eye of the artist as a juice squeezer. As a central theme, Rabin compositionally juxtaposes a harsh,



Bat-Sheva Sheflin: ceramic composition (Kibbutz Art Gallery, T.A.).

tightly silhouetted mechanical "juicers" or soda dispensers against spherical oranges and grapefruits, or against translucent glasses, bottles and shelves. He also uses background light as a reversal of the accepted formula of painting going from atmospheric foregrounds to less obtrusive backgrounds.

Several other canvases display candid views of empty street corners and flat building facades. Here, Rabin orders categorical space like Hopper and uses the same mellowing palette, attempting to describe the light and temperament of the inner city but, unlike Hopper, includes no people or the mysterious quality of the unseen, but felt, figure.

Rabin's painting technique is a natural one, with no illusion and little expressionism, a combination of Bonnard, and Ensor, but without the fantasy. (Binet Gallery, 63 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 26.

PAINTINGS describing scores of animated figures scurrying in and about the piazzas of Italy rely on the idea behind the art instead of the art itself. Ygal Zemer's paintings of "Man versus Culture" should comment on a facet of the title or what the title implies. Instead they merely confuse the issue and are irrele-

vant in relation to the theme. The colourful forms, always traced by long grey shadows, dance and prance before graphite renderings of classical buildings. But one element hardly relates to the other and the pictures fall apart at the seams. Further, Zemer's figures are formless and his gestures shapeless. He should have a careful look at artists like Guardi or Canaletto.

SHRAGA WEIL is surely one of our best technicians. His ability to organize surface designs using visual "systems" of vastly different origins is remarkable and they are handled with subtlety and finesse. "Leaves and Feathers" is a large group of beautifully brushed watercolours. Both "weightless" objects, the leaf and the feather, casually fall and billow in space as wet-in-wet shapes; or are elsewhere rendered a bit more tightly as contoured sketches on puddled abstract fields. A natural richness is achieved by Weil's warm palette of olive greens, yellows, rust, grey blue and slaps of red overlaid with gold leaf.

Weil paints themes rather than pictures. His images are partners with other images, real or abstract. The final product is a decorative pronouncement of the chosen object. He paints variation after variation, each falling into linear webs and overlapping shapes, yet coming in the end to a great deal of clarity.

One gets the feeling that Weil can bang out his pictures with his eyes closed. His mannerisms are his trademark and his craftsmanship is his saving grace. What is lacking is a deep appreciation of what goes on beyond the first layer of the picture plane. (Safrai Gallery, 23 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 16.

SMALL BLACK and white and coloured woodcuts and line cuts by Yaakov Porat are adequate attempts at linear printmaking. Nudes, figures and portraits are the subjects and Porat synchopates facial or bodily features against the rough cut angles of sharp colour. (Mapu Gallery, 17 Mapu, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 23.

tones of insult, although the actual Arab dog, the *cnani*, is a genus to itself. One work, however, goes further than the others: it depicts the *kelev aravi* with what seems to be a bullet wound in its neck, while some white tree branches are affixed to the lower part of the work to form the word *rov* (good) which rather suggests that the only good Arab (dog) is a dead one. I'm sure that Ayal isn't suggesting that this is his own point of view; he seems to be offering this as a critical view of the views of others. However what concerns us here is also the question of whether all this is also rendered as good and interesting art. The answer, once you have got past the message, is negative.

Finally, there is Meni Salama, another *sabra* Bezalel graduate, who makes very personal small-scale mixed-media works based chiefly on tenuous and even tentative pencil drawings of an expressionist — sometimes almost cartoon — bent. The overall theme is the time-worn one of Death and the Maiden, the helplessness of the latter being emphasized by her armlessness. Salama varies the treatment largely by working on different surfaces, from smooth card to what appears to be stone tile, the latter surface being treated with great sensitivity. (Jerusalem: Artists' House). Till Dec. 21.

Forgotten master

Meir Ronnen

I DARE SAY most readers have never heard of Gyula Zilzer 1898-1969). But an exhibit of his drawings, lithographs and etchings show that he was an extraordinarily talented graphic artist, an expressionist in the German tradition. His beautifully rendered and truly powerful charcoal portraits of men recall similar works by George Grosz and affinities with that master satirist also crop up in some of Zilzer's portraiture etchings, though Zilzer was not in any way an imitator. What the two men had in common was a certain virtuosity and the style of the Twenties; and it comes as no surprise to learn that they were exhibited together in Paris as Expressionists back in 1926.

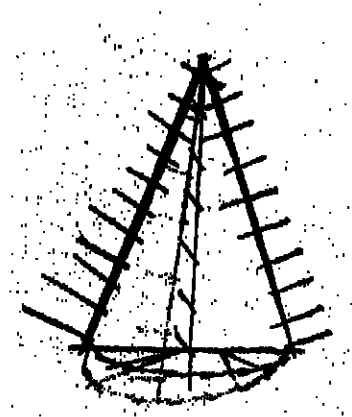
Zilzer was born and trained in Budapest before going to Hans Hoffman's Academy in Munich in 1923. In 1926, after moving to Paris, he published his fateful prophetic album of lithographs *Gas Attack* (also at this gallery) in which he



Gyula Zilzer: portrait, charcoal, 1931 (Nora Gallery, J'lem).

foresaw a Holocaust brought on by air attack; the album contains a foreword by Romain Rolland. The following year some of his works exhibited in Moscow were acquired by the Pushkin Museum (his work is also to be found in New York's Metropolitan and Museum of Modern Art and in German and Hungarian National Museums).

Zilzer moved to the U.S. in 1932 but he continued to be exhibited all over Europe. Between 1939 and 1948 he worked as an art director and production designer in Hol-



Yiftah Brakin: wood sculpture (Jerusalem Artists House).

lywood. His widow, who lives in Israel, is a leading supporter of the Bezalel Academy and has generously offered to use all the proceeds of sales from this show to establish scholarships to Bezalel. Collectors of the period should be particularly interested. Students should also take a look at what a stick of charcoal can accomplish in the hands of a master. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben-Maimon, J'lem). Till Dec. 31.

THREE BEZALEL graduates of the Sixties, two of whom now teach at the Art Department of Haifa University, are showing at the same

venue, but that's about all they have in common. Yiftah Brakin (b. Israel, 1945), last seen in the Capital quite a few years ago, is something of a real original. His low-key, austere line and area abstractions, painted and drawn on paper, are, in composition, quite unlike anything else on our scene and the more you look at them the more you find. A pity that his subtle colour comes into contact with the unpleasantly coloured card on which the works are mounted; these interesting paintings are almost killed by the framing. Brakin also shows a number of tool and machine-like "sculptures in line," composed of thin slivers of yellow pinewood. Those hung on the wall are basically freezes and also rather decorative; but the floor piece, which vaguely echoes a combine-harvester and the one on a plinth, which looks like a combination of a plough and a cotton-gin, are particularly interesting. These pieces work volumetrically as well as in line and the floor piece has its own internal linear rhythm.

The mixed-media works by Avishay Ayal (b. Israel, 1945), some of them combining collage and assemblage, are a dog of another colour. Most are in pastel and most of them employ an expressionist drawing of a dog accompanied by the painted Hebrew script *kelev aravi* (Arab dog), with all the over-

Freud the illustrator

Meir Ronnen

THE FREUDS were a talented lot. Old Sigmund of course, is an immortal. His grandson Lucien is well known as one of Britain's leading painters and perhaps its most important contemporary portraitist. Less well known is the fact that a niece of Sigmund's, the daughter of his sister Marie and Moritz Freud, himself a cousin of Sigmund's father Jacob, was once one of Germany's most distinguished modernist illustrators of children's books. Her books and some of her original sketches are now on show at the Israel Museum's Youth Wing.

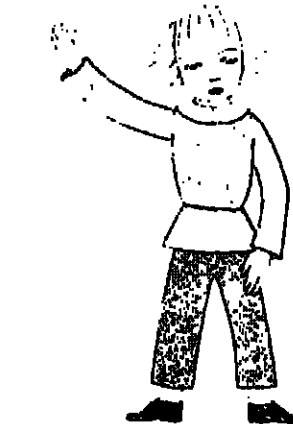
Martha Gertrude Freud (1892-1930) was known to a generation of Germans as Tom Freud; she adopted this masculine name at the age of 15. She not only illustrated books for children but also wrote them. She also designed wooden toys, moveable dolls and pages with moveable elements (enlarged models of which have been constructed at the Youth Wing for young visitors to play with).

Tom Freud was born in Vienna but her family soon moved to Berlin. She had two older sisters and a younger brother. Her first two books were written by her in London at the age of 17, at the beginning of a two-year stay in England; and she illustrated her hand-written calligraphy with watercolours in the *art nouveau* or *Jugendstil* manner.

In Berlin, during 1914, Tom and her older sister Lilly, a successful actress, created a joint programme of a story hour for children. Tom wrote the stories and riddles and painted the pictures which were projected from large slides, while Lilly narrated the text. About 52 of these slides have survived, illustrating five or more unknown stories, only two of which were published: "Die Babylieder" (Berlin 1914) in which both verses and painting are by the artist; and "Das Neue Bilderbuch" (Munich 1918), text by Stora Max, published also in Swedish in 1919 and considered the best book of the year, 1918.

Soon after the war Tom settled in Munich and moved in a circle of young Jewish intellectuals, among them Gershom Scholem and S.J. Agnon. She was apparently already quite well known as an illustrator for the Schocken publishing house asked her to illustrate a Hebrew A.B.C. written by Agnon. Unfortunately, Schocken didn't like the illustrations, which were never published.

Soon afterwards Tom moved to Berlin, where she met Polish-born Jankew Seidmann. They were married in 1921, and their daughter Angela was born in 1922 (she is today Aviva Harari of Ramat Hasharon and helped with exhibits and aspects of this show). The period of 1921 up to her early death in 1930 saw the full blossoming of Tom's talent. She brought out two Hebrew books and nine German books, all in her new unique *Neue Sachlichkeit* style, a formalized realism that was easy to absorb yet gentle enough to convince young readers that the characters were



Tom Freud: illustration for "Wishes Fulfilled," 1930.

from a world with which they could identify. The Hebrew books were written by Chaim Nahman Bialik, who was also a partner in the publishing firm of "Ophir" together with Jankew Seidmann. In the small advertising brochure to the Ophir books, Bialik explains the principles of good publications for young children. Clearly, all three partners involved in the venture felt that they were pioneering in the creation of new, excellent Hebrew books for the young — as indeed they were.

The beauty of the two books *Sefer Hadevarim* (1922) and *Essex Sihat Lyl'ladim* (1923) derives also from their printing method. Unlike previous lithographs, these were hand-coloured. First the line-drawing was printed in black, then the transparent water-colour was applied with the aid of a stencil. Thus these books retain something of the quality of original hand-painted watercolours.

The forthcoming plans of Ophir publications announced in the above-mentioned brochure included several other books of Tom's: *The Rabbits' Book*, *Folk songs*, *The Fish* (translated into



Tom Seidmann Freud and her husband Jankew, with baby Angela (Aviva) in 1923. Their joint publishing venture was to bring them tragedy.



Illustration by Tom Freud to "Essex Sihat," (Ten Fairytales For Children) Berlin, 1923, shortly to be available again in facsimile, at the Israel Museum.

Hebrew by Bialik from texts by Tom or Jankew, as well as *The Boy in the Forest* written by Bialik himself. Due to a break between Bialik and the Seidmanns these never materialized. Bialik took the texts with him when he settled in

Palestine soon after 1924, and, nastily enough, published the story of the rabbits and others as folktales, without mentioning Tom Seidmann Freud as the author.

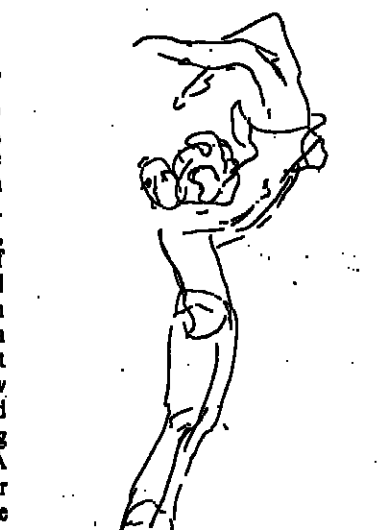
The book *Essex Sihat Lyl'ladim* was not simply a Hebrew version of

Escaping rigidity

HELENA MARKSON, English born and a very skilled printmaker, has taught in London and at the Bezalel Academy; she is now a senior lecturer at Haifa University. Her impeccable colour etchings, both abstracts and formalizations of landscape, are in the rigid and quite well known style of the British school of the last few decades; but a delightful exception is her almost abstract-expressionist "Yellow Flower." Next to it is a splendid drawing of an *amarillis*, indicating that flowers could be her forte. A more recent break with her prior tightness are some charming little pen drawings, evidently meant as gentle satirical comments on Swan Lake — or was the satire the choreographer's idea? (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem). Till Dec. 22.

Art v. Law

OWING TO lack of space, a paragraph was cut from my article "Art versus Law" in last Friday's *Post*. The symposium on the artist's "moral right" was organized by Judge Shoshana Berman, with the assistance of Mishkenot



Helena Markson: "Swan Lake," drawing (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem).

Sha'ananim and the United States Information Service, which arranged the stay of the American participants. The symposium's honorary Chairman was former Supreme Court President Moshe Landau.

MEIR RONNEN

Symbolism v. surrealism

FELIX LACHOWICZ does oils under the surrealist influence. For the purposes of this review, the essential in surrealism, now that its original theory has died out, is that it must never give a clear explanation, whether by untowardness in a subject's positioning (the case of this artist's various "Lemons") or by functionalism and realism out of joint, e.g. "Pictures in an Exhibition" where the single electric bulb illuminates the empty black canvas, while partly visible paintings are lit by their bright colours. Lachowicz's mistake lies in settling for the directness of symbolism instead of surrealism's mystery. Take his diatribes against war: "Steel Helmet" is a self-explanatory symbol; on the other hand, why is "Head" only seen from the back without any clue to its owner? Since the artist, like all surrealists, is an excellent craftsman, it is not always easy to classify his work. "Daily Routine," a very good still life of domestic cleaning implements, must be regrettably defined as mere symbolism. Two canvases hanging side by side, "Walking

Stick" and a neatly rolled "Umbrella," although separate, may be intended to imply an unknown contact between man and woman; and certainly a gigantic "Cork," in no setting, excites a question just on the basis of its size. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till Dec. 14.

DAVID NAVOT'S oil landscapes from 1928-83 are naturally swayed by the dark colours and often indistinct forms prevalent here in his youth. Nevertheless, like many others at that time, he has his valid foundation viz., a flat two-dimensionalism capably eased by the use of planes e.g. "Old Buildings," somewhat higher-toned in "Winter Landscape" and "Galilee Landscape" (placed on a slant). While he recognizes the existence of more complex styles and subjects in his different "Compositions"; "Jerusalem"; "With Cows," etc. he lacked the contacts with what was seething abroad at the time; and the guidance to show him the way. (Beit Chagall, Haifa).

EPHRAIM HARRIS

WHAT'S ON

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Opening Exhibition (13.12.83 at 8 p.m.): Ori Reisman, Paintings; Continuing Exhibitions: Gabi Klayner, Paintings; Tom Seidmann Freud, Illustrations of children's books; Scrap, creating home theatre sets and greeting cards; Memphis Milano, Furniture and accessories; Michael Druks, photographic situations; David Bomberg in Palestine; Moritz Oppenheim, first Jewish painter; Tip of the iceberg No. 2; Permanent Collection of Jewish Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art. Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh Barnes, Judean Kingdom fortress; How of Study the Past (for children, Paly Centre, Closed Saturdays).
Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II, 6 Reh. Or Hanaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Str Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shalom. Special Hanukkah Exhibit. Permanent Exhibition of Jewish Art, Diorama Rooms: History of Jewish People, Special Exhibit entitled "People of Old Jerusalem", by the weaver Basche Friedman, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-12 noon, Tel. 63212.
Galleries
Galerie Vison Nouvelle. Khutov Hoyotzer, Y.S. Hamiche. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-19864, 280031.
Tel Aviv Museum. New Exhibitions: Fine Collection, Chinese and Japanese Paintings and Prints; Continuing Exhibitions: Fine Letters; doff: Micha Kirshner; Classical, 17th and 18th centuries; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism; Twentieth Century Art; Israeli Art Zvi Goldstein; Structure and Superstructure (Helson, Rubinstein Pavilion).
Other Centres
Hazora. Wilfrid Israel Museum. Pinchas Abramovic, Aquarelles and Mixed Media; Jacob Steinhardt, Jewish Scenes and Characters — Wood Cut. 1.12.83-7.1.84. Viewing Hours: Sat. 10-12; 5-6.30. During week after coordination by Tel. 04-9931699.

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SUNDAY NIGHT in what feels like the middle of nowhere, east of Hadera. The newish, one-room community hall of Moshav Sha'ar Ephraim. Empty except for a few scattered chairs, and a small raised stage at one end. The sputtering fluorescent lights lend a spacy blue tint to the atmosphere. The smell of manure wafting through the windows reassures us that we are still very much earthbound.
 The 12 members of the Sha'ar Ephraim dance troupe, which bases its work on Yemenite folklore, are having their weekly workout, driven by Malka Hajbi, a tiny dynamo who comes up from Tel Aviv for the occasion.
 They've been working for four years, and have appeared all over the country, including the President's Residence in Jerusalem. In 1982 they won a prize in Paris at an international folkdance festival. Which is not bad, considering that they all started dancing in their 40s and 50s, that they put in 15 hours or more every day raising chickens or tomatoes or hothouse flowers, milking the cows or working in the senior citizens' club. Between them, they have 75 children, and most have grandchildren as well.
 Now the moshav, like many others, is in financial straits and the Northern Sharon Regional Council, which is their local government, is also having trouble scraping up funds for the folklore group, whose expenses come to about IS600,000 a year. Unless a dependable source of income is found the troupe may have to disband. What was originally a focus of scepticism, if not ridicule, has become a source of pride to the women themselves and to their whole community. Its demise would be a heavy loss, harder to gauge than the recent collapse of the tomato market.
 A few of the formerly sceptical children have come to watch their mothers at work. They sprawl on mats on the cold floor, sometimes singing along or keeping time to the beat of two drums; one is a large, shiny tin of the sort used for olive oil, the other a steel *halba*, shaped like a vase with a skin stretched on it.
 Some of the children have asked for their own dance lessons, but there isn't enough money for that. "Now they tell us, 'Sure, you go ahead and indulge yourselves, and there's nothing for us,'" says one of the mothers. Her tone reflects a combination of pride and regret.
THE DANCES come from the rural areas of Yemen where most of them were born, and they remember some basic steps from childhood. There's a Beduin influence in what they do; they shared common walls with their Beduin neighbours, unlike the Jews in Sana'a, who had their own quarter.
 Malka gives a running commentary: "This is 'washing the bride.' Now they're chasing the spirits with candles; now they're passing an egg over the bride's head."
 One dance creates the atmosphere of the desert. Another is about wood-gathering: a girl gathering wood notices that a boy has come to court her and tells him to get lost or her father will kill him. It's all done with humour and grace. Gradually, the women seem to shake off their long day's work and free their limbs.
 They wear black robes they've embroidered themselves. On their heads are long green-and-orange scarves. Silver dangles from their foreheads; their ears, their necks, their arms. One woman is barefoot; the others wear anything from ballet



Malka Hajbi (left) and other members of the Sha'ar Ephraim dance troupe, presenting dances from the rural areas of Yemen. (Israel Tulby)

STEPMOTHERS

Marsha Pomerantz
 slippers to cloth sports shoes.
 Malka occasionally mounts the stage to join the end of the line: a blue-and-white training suit among the embroidered robes.
 AFTER an hour or so the women start protesting that they've had enough. But Malka presses them through a harvest dance and a trip to the well, complete with plastic imitations of water jugs.
 Finally she lets them stop, and they sprawl on the edge of the stage to talk about why they do this.
 "Love," says one woman.
 "Letting go," says another.
 Yisrael Dahari, who is not a member of the moshav but has helped with the management of the troupe, says they do it as a kind of mission.
 And what do the husbands say? "Once they wanted to throw us out of the house," says one of the women, not exaggerating. Now they seem to have come round. Or at least, now their attitude is seasonal. In the winter, when there's less work on the farm, they mind less. In the summer, when there's more work and the troupe has more appearances, things get a little tense.
 The women originally began dancing under the direction of Gurit Kadman, a native of Germany who came to Palestine in 1920 and was influential in fostering the development of folkdance here. But the sessions were irregular, and the troupe only crystallized four years ago under the direction of Malka Hajbi.
 How is Malka as a teacher?
 "She'd make a good army commander," says Yona Haraz, who is one of the most talented members of the group. Yona designs and sews their costumes, and also paints — in a symbolic style that draws on traditional Yemenite jewelry.
 "I'm almost as afraid of Malka as I am of my husband," says another woman. Others suggest that even some of the husbands are afraid of the pint-sized Hajbi. All this is said, of course, in front of Malka, who is immensely pleased.
 What do they do on the nights they don't dance? They watch TV, usually switching off right after the news.
 And when were they last in the flesh-pots of Tel Aviv? "Why don't you ask when we were last in Netanya?" is the retort.
THE GROUP has appeared in the development towns of Ma'alot and Shlomi, at Karmel Shomron on the West Bank, at Binyanei Ha'uma in Jerusalem, in the Kfar Yona prison. The performance at the President's Residence was what raised their stock in the eyes of their neighbours.
 Many of their appearances are arranged through the regional council. Since it supports them, their performances are free of charge, and sometimes the women feel they are taken advantage of because of their financial dependence.
 Their major expense is Malka's salary, though they also have to pay for material for costumes, and Yona gets something for sewing them. The other big expense is transportation.
 Because of the moshav's decline, they are hard-put to pay their share. Ya'akov Alia, coordinator of

cultural activities for the regional council, which foots half the bill, says he's determined to do what he can for the group but doesn't know how much longer he can manage. He gets funds from the Moshav Movement, the Ministry of Education and Culture, and the Histadrut. "But by the time you get anything out of them, you can drop dead," he says.
 For instance, a request to the ministry two years ago for assistance in financing the trip to Paris was approved, but the money never came through. Dan Ronnen, the ministry official who received the request is abroad at the moment, but his office says the regional council never filled out the proper forms, despite reminders.
 Alia says they did, but he also says, "I'm not willing to put in a month's work to get IS30,000 which will only be paid in another year."
 So the group had to pass up invitations this summer from Ireland and the U.S. because they couldn't get the money together. When we talked they were having enough trouble planning a Hanukkah party for the moshav on a budget of IS8,000. "That's not even enough to give them *sugantot*," one of the women said.
MALKA HAJBI isn't sure how much longer she'll get her salary, but the Sha'ar Ephraim group is very important to her. "I could work in the city," she says, "but then who would go up there?"
 Every Sunday, her husband David drives her up to the moshav in their rickety Ford Escort. They leave their three daughters with a baby-sitter. On Wednesdays, they go to Netanya, where she teaches a

group of young people who, despite their "city" life, have little other stimulation.
 It isn't a coincidence that Malka knows how to elicit the magic combination of love and fear — mostly love — from the people of Sha'ar Ephraim. She herself grew up at Ahiezer, a Yemenite moshav near Lod. At the age of 15, she defied her family and the community by going off to dance with Inbal, the dance theatre that has developed traditional dances into art.
 There were singers in her family she says, but it was unheard of for a woman to dance on the stage. For years, members of the moshav would avert their eyes when she passed.
 She may be an "army commander" at Sha'ar Ephraim, but she was very shaky the next night, in anticipation of an appearance with Inbal in Tel Aviv. A bus-load of women from Ahiezer came to the performance — and for the first time in Malka's 18-year career, her mother saw her on the stage. She didn't clasp wildly like some of her companions, but she had tears in her eyes.
 Perhaps a pre-performance explanation by Sara Levi-Tannai, the founder and artistic director of Inbal, helped the women of Ahiezer to understand the relationship between folklore and art.
 After mentioning various biblical sources for using the body to glorify God, she explained it this way: "We all use flour to make bread. But sometimes ordinary bread isn't enough. We want to make pita, and halla, and other special breads. And sometimes, bread isn't enough. Sometimes we want to bake cakes."

מקראת אל

JOAN HARGREAVES, a fellow student of mine, had a purse just like the one in the fairy story which could never be emptied. In an unvarying routine, she'd take the bus every Saturday morning from South Kensington to the City and withdraw the cash she needed from the Yorkshire Penny Bank. Then she would send off a postcard to her aunt in Rochdale who would deposit exactly the same amount in the account, so that the balance always remained the same. Pure magic.

Yet Joan was a very matter-of-fact Lancashire lass who once arrived late for school grumbling that the bus service was "disgusting." It was not until I read the evening paper that I learned that her bus had overturned, killing several people and injuring many more.

I have only once seen her compose even slightly ruffled. Visiting London after living in Israel for over a decade, I went to see Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square. A sign on the doorbell asked callers to "Ring for the Curator." I did so and Hargreaves, of all people, opened the door. "How did you know where to find me?" she asked.



AS WE STOOD in the hall, I was reminded of another caller at No.17, a lady who preceded me by rather more than two centuries. She was somewhat surprised when the Great Lexicographer himself opened the door and even more so to see that he was clad only in a disreputable nightshirt. To complete the ensemble, he carried in one hand a brimming chamber pot while with the other, presumably remembering to observe the proprieties, he retrieved a dirty bob wig slung over the newel post at the foot of the stairs and courteously placed it on his head.

This delightful old monster produced a dictionary that is full of unhelpful definitions, such as "Cough: a convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity," and is also pretty hopeless at etymology but, nevertheless, charms by throwing in occasional favourite passages. In the entry on *mohair*, for example, Johnson cannot resist quoting Pope, even if it sheds very little light on the subject:

*She, while her lover pants upon her breast
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest
And when she sees her friend in deep despair
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.*

Chambers Dictionary sounds as if it was inspired by Dr. Johnson's doorstep encounter with the lady. In fact, it has nothing to do with porcelain bedroom accessories but is published by W. & R. Chambers, the Edinburgh firm founded in 1820. Yet it has in common with Johnson's work the frequent inclusion of a quaint conceit with which to adorn a definition — for example, "nice: used in vague commendation by those who are not nice" or "clair: a cake, long in shape but short in duration."

Webster's *Third*, on the other hand, is neither entertaining nor informative and, furthermore, is so

Brando's drumstick

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

permissive as to render it virtually useless. The essential tool, assuming that you cannot run to the full *Oxford English Dictionary* or the two-volume *Shorter Oxford*, is the *Concise Oxford* which, come hell or high water, sells 300,000 copies every year.

It has its faults, admittedly. *Ralph*, meaning a gremlin in a printing press, is missing, though it appears in *Chambers's* and I had the impression that the *Concise* prefers to rely on its own typographical errors. The sixth edition, for example, defined *errorless*, of all words, as a noun. You may not believe this, but my edition, the fourth, does not include *gullible*, though it does have room for *gumlah*, a large Indian earthenware water jar, and quite appropriately both *golly* and *gosh*.

No wonder that lexicographers are subject to extraordinary stresses and strains. Rene Ledesert, the editor of *Harrap's French-English Dictionary*, has collected a number of stories about editors who had to be carried off in straitjackets or even committed murder among the index cards. One story: Dr. Onions, a former editor of the *OED*, wanted to meet a correspondent who had contributed a great deal to the dictionary; when the man claimed he was "unable to travel," Dr. Onions offered to make the journey instead and was met at the station by two uniformed warders who conducted him to meet his correspondent who was unavoidably detained in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

The editors are quite capable of driving other people round the bend, too. When I worked on a 1969 edition of *Ariel* devoted to the revival of Hebrew, nine of the contributors refused to agree on a unified system of transliteration. By the time I'd finished attending to the special typographical signs for each of the systems, I needed my own personal Eliezer Ben-Yehuda to revive me.



IN JOE ORTON's play *The Ruffian on the Stair*, the hero describes what is obviously a homosexual experience. "There is no word in the English language," an outraged Irishman exclaims, "for what you've been doing!"

"In Lapland," the hero answers, "they have no word for snow." Now here's a funny how-d'-you-do, as they say. Languages are usually rich in terms that describe experiences common to their way of life. In fact, Prof. Chaim Rabin tells me that the Swiss have 22 words for various kinds of snow just as Arabic has over 700 words for camels. The word for a female camel, for example, is different according to each month of pregnancy. There are three words for milk-camels, depending on whether they fill one, two or three vessels at a milking, and even a special term, *bibbla*, for the type of camel that only gives milk when you

hit her on the nose and say "Bibbi!" Yet Arabic is remarkably vague when it comes to describing the colour of a camel. In 1973, when Prof. Heinrich Zollinger, of the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, and Chaim Benhar, of the Weizmann Institute, asked a test group of Beduin to describe the colour of various things, several decided that a camel was red, while others plumped for green and even blue. I began to catch on when I came across the entry *jawn* in J.G. Hava's *Arabic-English Dictionary*, where it is defined as "Black. White. Light red. Intensely black (horse)."

Joe Orton's puzzling dialogue is matched by a bit in Len Deighton's new thriller, *Berlin Game*, which claims that the Germans have a thousand words for death, and the Jews have so many different words for idiot. "Offhand, I can think of any number, but a glance at the synonyms for idiot in *Rogers's Thesaurus* shows that English is just as plentifully supplied. To add to the confusion, Andrea Kelland, of *Totnes*, has begun advertising in the British press "a comfortable cotton corduroy dress" called a Schmock.

ONE AREA in which English is particularly rich, as Scrabble fans have undoubtedly discovered, is the vocabulary of falconry. *Gleet*, for example, is "the phlegm collected in the stomachs of hawks."

Where I come from, hawking referred to a certain amount of throaty hemming-and-hawing that developed into a sort of juicy, unvoiced yodel and worked up to a heavy-duty gargle. The end product necessitated those ubiquitous "No Spitting. By Order" signs that were the iconography of my childhood, but privately it would be received with remarks such as "bring that up at the next meeting and we'll vote on it."

India leads the world in this particular field of human endeavour. Their idea of a classic novel, I've heard it said, is *Great Expectations* and wags claim that the Bombay version of the nursery rhyme is "Little Miss Muffet / Spat on a tuft."

At one time I knew 14 Bengali words for the varieties of nasal mucus, for which English has to make do with one. This ever-fascinating topic is divided and subdivided in Bengal according to solidity, desiccation, texture, viscosity, colour and aroma.

Though distasteful, for want of a better word, India's preoccupation is fairly harmless compared to the native New Zealanders' obsession with the minutiae of cannibalism. A.W. Reid's *Dictionary of Maori Place Names* includes a range of hills called *Huhutahi* — single thigh — because "one of Tama-tupere's thighs was eaten there."

Arapaouni reminded me of one of those details in a recipe, which can effectively ruin the dish if omitted. It means tenderized kidney fat, "because a chieftain stopped his dead enemies' kidneys from twitching; while they were being roasted; by thoroughly bashing the fat in the ovens."

For all I know, Kiri To Kanawa may mean "the soprano who ate purged parts of Pavarotti."

JOHN ELIOT translated the Bible into the language of the Ma-

sachusetts Indians in 1655. Since then, more than 20 of the Indian Nations have had it translated into their language, the most recent being Western Apache in 1966, so that it is now possible for them to read the bit in *1 Chron. 2.7* about "Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, speaks with forked tongue."

Oddly enough, there does not seem to be a translation into American English, not even into the Yellow Prose of Texas. If you are still having trouble in understanding J.R. Ewing, the hero of *From Dallas with Malice*, I can recommend Jim Everhart's *Illustrated Texas Dictionary*. The illustrations are photographs of the editor pulling grotesque faces to accompany definitions such as *alls*, "something or other than the person or thing implied, such as 'Ah only done what anybody ails would do,' while *cheers* means "in this place or spot ('Yawl come riot cheer this minute')."

Ah lacked to died laughin' at Everhart's last, double-edged, definition: *thank*, "to have a judgment of opinion." "Jes thank," he says, "what yew must sound like to a Texan."

I rarely have any trouble with the Ewings' brand of the King's (Ranch) English. The last time must have been when Marlon Brando appeared in the 1966 Western, *The Appaloosa*, looking for a stolen horse that was presumably travelling under an assumed mane. Entering a Mexican *cantina*, he ordered a *pu-que* and I was astounded when, instead of a kosher drumstick, he was served with the local booze.

THE ONLY American accent, come to think of it, that I find completely intolerable is that affected by actors playing Americans in BBC-TV series. After suffering through an instalment of *Nancy Astor* on Jordan TV recently, I determined not to return to the series until Lisa Harrow left Ole Virginia and settled down in Hever Castle.

American English does become insufferable, however, when it degenerates into trendy mush such as the review I came across recently of a Barry Manilow concert. This explained that his audiences "enjoy togetherness, experience involvement in which they participate and share and from which they reach out to each other." I'm so sorry, as BBC newscasters used to say, I'll read that again.

More in Thoreau than in anger, I have to admit that dissatisfaction with the state of American English has been going on for a long time. Even the Founding Fathers got into the act, to use Schnozzle Durante's memorable phrase. "I have heard in this country, in the Senate, at the bar and from the pulpit," president John Witherspoon of Princeton, one of the signatories to the Declaration of Independence, wrote in 1769, "errors in grammar, improprieties and vulgarisms which hardly any person of the same class would have fallen to in Great Britain."

Over two centuries later, the British still feel that Witherspoon was right about those rude colonials. A reader's letter in *The Guardian* once pointed out that, according to American sports commentators, "the Winner Olympics" were taking place. "The Loser Olympics" this was assumed, would take place during the summer.

I DON'T KNOW what they have to be so smug about. Stagnation, despite the present Tory government's policies ("Taint' whatcha

do/It's the way Thatcher do it"), is impossible in any living language and, like an unlinked pension, is a formula for bankruptcy. All the fresh mintings of the last few decades, admittedly including any amount of dross, have come from America, from Dallas, not Palace, English which otherwise would have become an inadequate tool for dealing with a rapidly changing world.

Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" once referred to this rather ambiguously, I thought. "When we Americans are done with the English language," he said, "it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy."

As a longtime fan of both musicals and of Joe Jacobs, the fights manager, I must admit that I'm in favour of living things up a little. Mr. Jacobs, you will recall, is the man who bequeathed "we wuz robbed" to the language and then topped it with that perfect expression of a truly universal sentiment. "I should of stood in bed." In my opinion, he deserves a place in Poets Corner, even though those memorials set in the floor of Westminster Abbey always remind me of that old torch song, *Please Don't Walk About Me When I'm Gone, Baby*.



MOST English people are long accustomed to American speech from frequent exposure to the cinema and TV. On the other hand, they find the language spoken by the British upper class largely incomprehensible. The old joke about the judge who is annoyed to observe that the prisoner is chewing gum while in the dock serves to illustrate the point. He instructs a policeman to "tell that man to stop masticating in my court" and the copper tiptoes across to the dock to address the offender. "You," he says in a fierce whisper, "take your hands out of your pockets."

Allastair Morrison once wrote a dictionary of upperclass English, *Frapply Well Spoken*, in which he translated what seems to be Norman French, *Femme et cesse ean*, into "If I may say so" and *Moonlet snorter* into the Beethoven piano piece.

The much-admired upper-class speech is a sort of ostive inarticulacy in which the vowels are clipped beyond comprehension and far more mystifying than anything J.R. ever produced. During the troubled Sixties, many middle-class parents sent their offspring off to private schools that were really beyond their means in an attempt to save them from promiscuity, strange hairstyles and, above all, the drug scene. The headmistress of an exclusive girls' school once addressed an assembly of such aspiring, upwardly mobile parents during Speech Day. To their mounting horror, she seemed to have become a swinger herself.

"Taking pot," she began. "We take enormous pains to get our gels — all of them — to take pot. To take pot in the gym; in the classrooms, to take pot even in the dormitories. To take pot, joyously, together..."

The murmurs of anger and even louder protests were only stifled when it gradually dawned on her audience that this was simply the way she pronounced "part." □

"Then I too began to discern the eternal, immutable face of God behind all religious symbols, and still later I began to discern something behind God's face as well — chaos, a terrifying, uninhabited darkness...I went further and discovered the abyss."

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS, one of the great writers of modern Greece and, indeed, of the 20th century, was born a hundred years ago on the island of Crete. He is best known to the English-speaking public for his *Zorba the Greek*, but his literary heritage includes many other novels as well, such as *The Fratricides*, *Saint Francis*, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, *The Greek Passion* and *Freedom or Death*. (A lesser known work bears a Hebrew title, *Toda Raba*, testifying to Kazantzakis' lifelong affinity to Jewish culture.) He also produced plays, books of travel and philosophy, numerous translations, a French-Greek dictionary and, to support himself financially, school textbooks.

In 1938 he published what must be considered one of the masterpieces of world literature, *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel*, an epic poem of 33,333 lines using a variation of Homeric Greek in which each line consists of 17 syllables in unrhymed iambic measures of eight beats. During the 1950s Kazantzakis was nominated several times for the Nobel Prize for Literature. At the end of his life he chronicled his own Odyssey in the world of men and ideas in a moving autobiography, *Report to Greco*, a final summing-up before the artist El Greco, a fellow Cretan whom Kazantzakis considered his spiritual grandfather.

Kazantzakis belonged to that band of philosophers — Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Sartre — who perceived what modern man feels but is often afraid to give voice to: that there is no spiritual being called "God," no Heaven or Hell, no salvation, no after-life, no meaning to life but what we give it on earth, and that we must have the courage to confront the "abyss" without fear or hope. He is nevertheless an inspiring writer because of his belief — inherited from his teacher, the French-Jewish philosopher Henri Bergson — that life is imbued with an *elan vital*, a vital impulse driving us towards ever-higher spiritual perfection. This evolutionary force, apprehended through the senses rather than the intellect, is what Kazantzakis meant by "God."

"Every integral man has inside him, in his heart of hearts, a mystic centre around which all else revolves. This mystic whirling lends unity to his thoughts and actions; it helps him find or invent the cosmic harmony. For some this centre is love, for others kindness or beauty, others the thirst for knowledge or the longing for gold and power."

"Our centre, grandfather, the centre which swept the visible world into its whirl and sought to elevate it to the upper level of valour and responsibility, was the battle with God. Which God? The fierce summit of man's soul, the summit which we are ceaselessly about to attain and which ceaselessly jumps to its feet and climbs still higher..."

KAZANTZAKIS conceived of his life as an Odyssey, an unending quest for the essence of things, a struggle to transcend physical existence and transmute flesh into spirit. That meant abandoning comfortable truths and beliefs and habits. In his poem *The Odyssey*, Kazantzakis picks up the story where Homer left off. Having sur-

A modern Odysseus



Nikos Kazantzakis and his wife Eleni, a few months before he died in 1957.

Jeff Halper

vived all kinds of perils, Odysseus realizes that in coming home and reclaiming his wife, possessions, kingdom — in fact, concluding the *Odyssey* — he is facing the most subtle and beguiling form of death. "This is the sweetest spirit of all, see how she waves! Dear God, to build a home at length, to smash my ship to make a crossbeam of its mast, its hull a bed, and its old, sea-embattled prow my own son's cradle!"

"Odysseus sealed his bitter lips and spoke no more, then turned, glanced at his wife, gazed on his son and father, and suddenly shook with fear, and sighed, for now he knew/that even his native land was a sweet mask of Death."

Thus Odysseus/Kazantzakis sets off again on yet another journey, on the way aiding the blond barbarians in their destruction of the classical Greek civilization, now rotten and in need of rejuvenation, like Kazantzakis' own age. "Blessed be that hour that gave me birth between two eras!" shouts the hero triumphantly.

THIS MODERN Odysseus, however, did not travel alone. He took as his guides and companions those few great souls — "Bodyguards of the Odyssey" he called them — who had touched elemental truths: the prophet Samuel, Buddha, Jesus, Saint Francis, El Greco, Nietzsche, Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav, Lenin, Zorba.

From each he extracted that aspect of the *elan vital* that advanced man one more tortured, ecstatic step towards his full spiritual and intellectual potential. Each added to his insight, but none could claim him.

One's life and the nature of one's struggle is shaped in part by ancestors, in part by one's self, but in great part conforms to the events and agonies — the "cry" — of one's era. From Nietzsche, Kazantzakis acquired the "tragic optimism" inherent in the knowledge that though man is alone in the universe, he is capable of giving meaning to his life and of "building a world which will not shame our hearts." Lenin embodied for Kazantzakis the epitome of the man of action, the "world builder" who creates our reality. But it was in the Jews most of all that he saw manifested the will to persevere, to revolt against injustice and a complacent world order, to force the world to exceed

KAZANTZAKIS understood that "truth" is plural, a synthesis of many equally profound truths. He belonged to no political movement (though his sympathies were clearly with the left), held fast to no ideology or orthodoxy. He remained committed to the quest for the essence behind belief and reality. And in the end, it was the quest itself that mattered, not the particular answers one arrived at, for those too would enter the pool of immutable truths, to be used, broken apart and discarded by our children, for whom our answers are insufficient.

"Father," says the youth in Kazantzakis' *Spiritual Exercises*, the distillation of his philosophy, "I cannot be contained in your heart! I want to smash it and pass through! And you, the father, rejoice to hear the contemptuous voice of your child. 'All, all for my son!' you shout."

Kazantzakis, like the true teacher, imposed his "truth" on no one, and would have despised disciples.

Yet, despite his constant struggle towards spiritual perfection, Kazantzakis remained firmly anchored to the earth, and in particular to his native soil on Crete. Although it is the sacred duty of each generation to surpass that of its parents, Kazantzakis taught, all our progress is nevertheless an elaboration of the truths possessed by our forefathers, to whom we are irrevocably tied.

"The Cry is not yours. It is not you talking, but innumerable ancestors talking with your mouth. It is not you who desire, but innumerable generations of descendants longing with your heart. The race of men from which you come is the huge body of the past, the present, and the future. It is the face itself; you are a passing expression. You are the shadow; it is the meal."

Kazantzakis explained his conflicting affinities to earth and spirit, to peasant and intellectual, to racial roots and the Odyssey, to sensualism and asceticism, as well as his need to resolve all these into a higher synthesis, by reference to his origins in Crete. Situated at the crossroads of Africa, Asia and Europe, possessor of one of the world's oldest civilizations, Crete belonged to both classical Greece and ancient Egypt.

"Crete, for me," wrote Kazantzakis, "is the synthesis which I always pursue, the synthesis of Greece and the Orient. I neither feel Europe in me nor a clear and distilled classical Greece; nor do I at all feel the anarchic chaos and the will-less perseverance of the Orient." The complete individual, he believed, possessed "an Occidental mind and an Oriental heart."

HIS CONTACT with peasants in Crete and their primitive Christianity, in which saints and devils take on an actual existence and interact with men, gave Kazantzakis the ability to both find the *elan vital* in the down-to-earth actions of the simplest folk, and convey it movingly and powerfully in words. That mix of earth and light found its quintessential expression in *Zorba the Greek*.

In 1917 Kazantzakis went to the southern Peloponnese to take over the management of a failing lignite mine. There he met Alexis Giorghos Zorba, whose unlettered passion, joy of life and earthly wisdom confirmed Bergson's view that the intellect alone cannot comprehend the vital impulse.

"I rarely opened my mouth," he

wrote of his encounters with Zorba. "What could an intellectual say to an ore? I listened to him tell me about his village on the flanks of Mount Olympos, about snow, wolves, komitadjis, Saint Sophia, lignite, women, God, patriotism, death — and when words became too constricting for him and he felt suffocated, he leapt to his feet and began to dance."

"If I had listened to his voice — not his voice, his cry — my life would have acquired value. I would have experienced with blood, flesh, and bone what I now ponder with paper and ink. But I did not dare. I have been ashamed many times in my life because I caught my soul not daring to do what supreme folly — the essence of life — called me to do. But I never felt so ashamed of my soul as I did in front of Zorba."

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS has his failings. Although he served briefly as director-general of the Ministry of Public Welfare in 1919, helping to repatriate 150,000 Greeks caught in the Caucasus after the Russian Revolution, and as director of translations from the classics for UNESCO during the year 1946, he never became the "man of action" he aspired to be. Yet he lived his philosophy to a degree that few of us do.

This fond reminiscence, written by his wife Helen in her book *Nikos Kazantzakis: A Biography Based On His Letters*, belies his fiery exterior: "...to be good, not to envy anyone; to possess only what was strictly necessary (*hmi-hm*) — well, there were a few icons, some ivory or some little trinket brought back from the far corners of the earth; to make an idealized image of yourself, to nail it on the wall in front of you and to try to be like it; to forgive those who do you wrong (it is thanks to them that you mobilize your own forces); to revel in the earth, the sky, the sea, the rums and the cows, the bread and the olives; never to let comfort dull you; and if a child at the far limits of the earth is hungry, to feel responsible for it; to keep one's soul always ready; to remain upright when the time comes..."

Greece did not always honour its greatest literary figure. During the years of right-wing rule and political instability — from 1935 through the 1950s — Kazantzakis was anathema, banned from the popular press and kept in a kind of internal exile. Academics and critics were outraged at his preference in his writing for popular demotic Greek rather than the more formal literary form, and many feared his cosmopolitanism. During most of his life he earned a meagre living from his writings, and occasionally found himself near starvation.

Even his death aroused opposing passions. Returning from a trip to China in 1957, he suffered an adverse reaction to a routine vaccination, and died in Germany. When his body was returned to Heraklion, his birthplace, a great national outpouring of grief took place. But he had long lived under a ban of excommunication from the Orthodox Church for his "heretical" writings, and was refused burial in the city cemetery. His body was accordingly taken to a grove on top of the wall that surrounds the city, and laid to rest there.

The site is still unmarked on tourist maps, but when, after asking directions, one reaches the quiet grove, there is a single grave inscribed in Greek with the words: "I fear not death. I do not hope. I am free." □

HUNGARIAN and Marmaros Jews, Holocaust researchers, historians, and all those patient students of Judaism who cherish most traditions, will certainly welcome the appearance of *The Marmaros Book*.

The Marmaros region is situated at the north-eastern border of Hungary, bordering on Galicia and Bukovina. It is one of the largest regions of Hungary, and has a long and troubled history. At the end of World War I, and after the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, it was divided between Rumania and Czechoslovakia. In 1939 Hungary overran Czech Marmaros, and the region was taken over by the Rumanians — Ukrainian nationalists much influenced by the Nazis.

In 1940 the northern part of Transylvania was severed from Rumania, and handed over to Hungary. Marmaros was again united under Hungarian rule. Elderly Jews, who remembered the good old Austro-Hungarian Empire, had high hopes for the new regime. They were soon disappointed.

The Hungarians dismissed Jewish civil servants, carried out arbitrary arrests, imprisoned individuals on trumped-up charges. In order to confirm their citizenship, Jews had to establish their uninterrupted residence in Hungary from 1851. In the summer of 1941, and following Hungary's declaration of war on the Soviet Union, Jews were deported to Galicia and Poland.

The large-scale killing of deported Marmaros Jews was carried out on August 27-28, 1941, near the town of Kamenetz-Podolsk. This was one of the first episodes in the Final Solution, and one of the first Nazi attempts to gauge the reactions of the Allies, and of the world.

THE EDITORS of *The Marmaros Book* dedicated five years to this major study. It describes in detail the life, traditions and fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the over 160 Jewish communities of this region. The book is in Hebrew, but contains extensive introductions in English and Yiddish.

The Marmaros traditions, customs and folklore had much in common with those of East European Jewry. In spite of the comparative poverty of the population, Marmaros attained a high culture, and produced many Talmudic and halachic scholars. Cohen and Gross present an accurate historical, geographic and demographic picture, devote much time to each

First of the many



SEFER MARMAROS (The Marmaros Book; In Memory of a Hundred and Sixty Jewish Communities.) Edited by S.Y. Gross and Y. Yosef Cohen. Tel Aviv, Beit Marmaros. 642 pp. \$30.

THE PIT AND THE TRAP: A Chronicle of Survival by Leib Rochman. New York, Holocaust Library. 272 pp. \$6.95.

THE STORY OF PATRIA by Dr. Erich Steiner. New York, Holocaust Library. 242 pp. \$6.95.

ICH BIN EIN JUDE: Travels through Europe on the Edge of Savagery by Herb Brinn. Middle Village, New York, Jonathan David. \$9.95.

THE ARMY CAP BOY: The Story of a Teenage Boy's Survival in Hitler's Europe by Zoltan and Edith Schwur. Australia, Macmillan. 183 pp. Price not stated.

A BOOK OF SONGS by Merritt Linn. New York, St. Martin Press. 309 pp. \$13.95.

Alexander Zvielli

community, and list all prominent families and sages.

The Marmaros Book does not spare us gruesome details concerning the deportation of the Jews which followed the German invasion of Hungary in March, 1944.

Rewarding reading

SEFER HADIMYONOT SHEI HAYEHUDIM (The Book of Jewish Imaginings) by Pinchas Sadeh. Tel Aviv, Schocken. 420 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

brought him tiresome works. A hundred more writers, undaunted by the threat of punishment, brought their works. The king leaped through their offerings and sentenced the authors to hard labour.

The last to come forward was an old Jew.

"I am tired of examining tedious tomes," the king warned him. "If yours is no more lively than the rest, I will sentence you to read them all

for it is a great deal fresher than most accounts published many years later. We share the horror of his prison, we sense his hunger and his anger, and identify with his fear and humiliation. In his account of life at that time, the Poles considered the Jewish predicament a just punishment for the murder of their God, and the Germans indulged their murderous instincts while "complying with orders."

The terror was ubiquitous and immediate. The Jew was hounded, betrayed, beaten and tortured. Anything spelt danger — a bout of drunkenness, a barking dog, an obtrusive hen. The Poles told witty tales of Jewish misfortune, and competed to get hold of abandoned Jewish property. Only a thief and a prostitute offered temporary shelter for a hunted Jew. Even they demanded a price.

Rochman's survival was largely due to his religious belief in the sanctity of human life. His prayers helped him at difficult times.

The Holocaust Library has done well in publishing this book. It serves as a powerful reminder.

DR. ERICH STEINER dedicates his well-written historical novel to those passengers on the S.S. Patria who lost their lives in the disaster in the harbour at Haifa on November 25, 1940.

Berl Katznelson visited the Marmaros region in 1933, and Menachem Begin in 1936. Many Marmaros Jews settled here before the outbreak of World War II, and warmly welcomed the few Holocaust survivors. Today there is a Marmaros House in Tel Aviv, which constitutes a vital link connecting the Marmaros community here and their brethren abroad.

LEIB ROCHMAN (1918-1978), the author of *The Pit and the Trap*, was born in the Polish town of Minak Mazowiecki, some 45km. east of Warsaw. He graduated from a yeshiva, and wrote for the Yiddish press. His three books published after the Holocaust make him one of its most outspoken witnesses.

Rochman married during the Nazi occupation. The young couple suffered greatly, first in the Minak ghetto, and then in hiding. Hidden behind the double wall of a peasant's hut, or in a pit, Rochman kept a detailed diary of his gruesome experiences. He made a book out of them, *And in Your Blood You Shall Live*, which was published in Switzerland shortly after the end of the war.

Rochman's book is remarkable,

NOW SCHOCKEN has published that book in Hebrew. It is very attractively produced, and illustrated with old woodcuts, which are obviously calculated to make it an ideal bar mitzva or holiday present.

However it is much more than that. Pinchas Sadeh, the man who edited it, is following in the footsteps of giants and trying to do them one better. Blalik, Berdyzewski, and Buber, among others, all compiled collections of Jewish tales reflecting their biases and programmes. Sadeh, unlike his illustrious predecessors, has taken a good half of his stories from the compilations of oral literature made by Israeli folklorists under the direction of Dov Noy. He has improved the Hebrew to make the style of the book uniform, but he claims to be faithful to the essential core of the folk-tale. By using that material, Sadeh has lent it literary prestige and redeemed it from neglect, making it part of modern Israeli culture. His book is surely destined to be a

classic and find its way into every Hebrew reader's library.

Sadeh has long played the role of Israel's *poète maudit*, and it is somewhat unexpected to see him produce what is in many ways a work of scholarship. Fortunately, although he is widely read and has a mind to be reckoned with, he is definitely not a scholar. His criteria for selecting the stories were subjective and idiosyncratic. He explains some of his purposes in the Afterword at the end of this book, and interviews with him have appeared in *Haaretz* and *Prosa*. With-out getting involved in the Sadeh mythique, one might simply say that he only included stories he found particularly striking, and they are quite striking because Sadeh's instinct for finding and refining literary gold is highly developed. He has compiled a delightful book which one can never finish (nor does one wish to do so), and he deserves to be appointed Grand Vizier, at the very least.

THE PRINCIPAL figure of *The Army Cap Boy* is Zoltan, an easy-going young man from a small Hungarian village. The book is in seven chapters, and each one describes a different circumstance of his development and education.

Zoltan recalls his childhood in a small Hungarian village, experiences in war-torn Budapest, arrest and deportation to Bergen-Belsen. One of the lucky survivors, he could have immigrated to Israel but chose not to. He decided instead on the good life in France, and then in Australia.

His attitude to life after the Liberation is characteristic of many Holocaust survivors, who felt desperately tired, and found what they thought an easy answer to difficult questions. It seems, however, that the Schwarzes regard Israel as their second home.

MERRITT LINN is an ophthalmologist living in Portland, Oregon. His first novel attempts a description of a nameless munition factory, established in a nameless concentration camp in a nameless country. Nazi Germany is never mentioned.

This unusual allegory presents a truthful account of Holocaust conditions. However, though the reader may sympathize with these anonymous slaves, he is unlikely to be deeply moved. The author's obvious literary talent seems to operate in a vacuum. We are still too close to the horrors of the real Holocaust to accept this type of impersonality.

ON A VISIT to Israel some time ago, Herb Brinn, a feature writer

SATURDAY morning, Chelsea Manor Street, Chelsea, London, circa 1963. 9 a.m. Get up. 9.10 Put on minidress. 9.12 Put on make up. 10.42 Make up completed, plus hair *en bouffant*. 10.45 Saunter out in stilettoes and stagger to the 'bus stop. 11 a.m. Meet the lasses at Biba's for a bit of a giggle.

In the Sixties, our local wasn't the pub. We Chelsea girls didn't congregate around the *Rising Sun* in the Kings Road. Our Saturday hang-out was Biba's in Abingdon Road, Kensington, where (because the prettiest girls went there), the best looking blokes hung out too.

If you're not English, you won't know what I'm writing about. But you are, unless you were born to it late (sorry), you know that Biba was the fulcrum of the Swinging Sixties, the place where it all happened and where it all was made to happen.

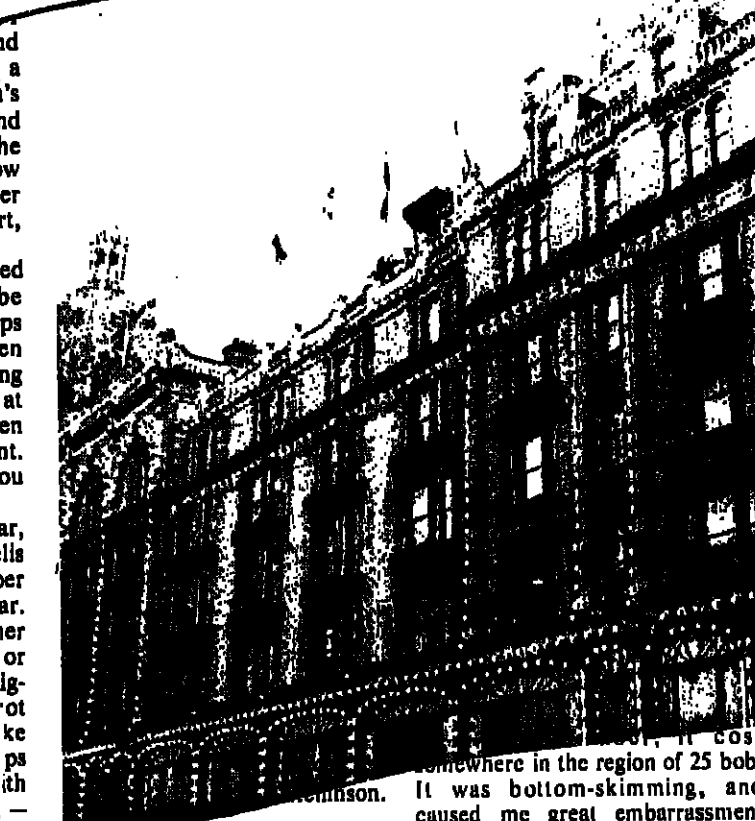
Often, nowadays, in nostalgic stories of those golden days, when anything worthy of note was born in London or Liverpool, the fashion innovator of that time is said to be Mary Quant. But it's not so. Mary had her uses, but she was, somehow, a bit too nice. Biba was different. It was the difference between the Beatles, parents in their clean-cut youth, and the Stones, unacceptable to adults — and so truly one of us.

Barbara Hulanicki was Biba. Biba was London in the 1960s. The tiny boutique grew from a magpie's nest of treasures for the first leggy dolly-birds, became a shadowy boudoir of feather boas and vamp dresses and ultimately opened as a glorious emporium in 'High Street', Kensington. Thus, the blurb on the cover of *From A to Biba*, by Barbara Hulanicki herself.

READING this book was surprisingly difficult for on each page and with each development of the shop, from the dilapidated corner premises in Abingdon Road, Kensington, to the vast dark emporium in Ken, High Street, her story is intimately bound up with mine.

Intimately is exactly what I mean

A bit of a giggle



Joanna Yehiel

— you can't get much more intimate than underwear and, from the early Sixties on, I wore Biba underwear (in fact, it was granny vests and long johns, dyed prune, black, slate and sludge green), as overwear for years. The only thing we didn't do, me and my mates, was tear holes in it, like our children do with their T-shirts today. It was our rebellion (that, and the three-day Ban the Bomb marches over Easter, which now, 20 and more years on, our children are suddenly re-activating with passion, as if they have discovered the nuclear bomb themselves).

Because, as Barbara H. tells in her book, her clothes were basically made for the girls of the Sixties. "In their flats and beddies they had no mother waiting for them... In the

The first time I bought a Biba

Tinseltown royalty

A PRIVATE VIEW by Irene Mayer Selznick. New York, Alfred A. Knopf 384 pp. \$16.95.

Hillel Tryster

wiped out. He began again with a burlesque house in Haverhill, which was the beginning of his huge entertainment empire. Her older sister Edith was glamour-minded, which left the tomboy slot for Irene to fill into. Left-handed, she began to stutter when forced to use only her right hand in school. This affliction flits in and out of the book at intervals, leaving no doubt that even today it is one of the more memorable aspects of her life.

By the late Twenties, David Selznick was already very much in evidence. It has been reported that her father objected to the match, but according to Irene he approved of Selznick as a son-in-law. What infuriated him was the fact that his daughter's wedding date was dictated by the Paramount production schedule, Paramount being both a rival studio and Selznick's place of employment. When *Gone With The Wind* came along, it proved to be a unique ordeal for all involved, and the effect of its aftermath on David eventually broke up the marriage. During the war, Irene began to dis-

cover in herself the ability to do things, as opposed to being someone. She contributed her services to the Juvenile Probation Department under the *nom de social* work of Irene Sells. This charade came to an end when Mrs. Sells and Mrs. Selznick both had to be present at the same meeting.

Once she had been activated, all it took was few suggestions to get her onto Broadway, where she turned out to be every inch a creative producer. In addition to *Streetcar*, she can also be credited with *Bell, Book and Candle* and *The Chalk Garden*. On Broadway, as in her marriage, she elected to quit while she was still ahead.

The book tapers off almost abruptly after this, lingering only to record the deaths of her father and ex-husband. It seems that her drive to prove herself has been satisfied. She still treasures the recording one of her sons made of a stutter-free broadcast she made.

AN INEVITABLE point of interest in a book like this is her rendering of what Louis B. and David O. were really like. Mayer, often considered a dictator-mogul, is viewed by his daughter mainly with sympathy. Though he may have exercised most of his parental rights before her

buoyant mid-Sixties, they all had jobs and they were not used to eating massive meals. They were the postwar babies who had been deprived of nourishing protein in childhood and grew up into beautiful, skinny people. A designer's dream. It didn't take much for them to look outstanding. The simpler the better, the shorter the better. Their legs seemed to be never-ending. Suddenly London was filled with long-legged girls and boys, who became envied all over the world... there were masses of them and they all seemed to flock to Abingdon Road."

YES, we did (not all of us were that beautiful, but never mind). To try but those prune, black and shy-brown smocks, which, as Barbara writes, "itched and stopped their arms from bending." (I didn't know she *knew*), to meet new boy friends outside the door, to change in and out in the world's first communal changing-room in a shop (the first time I realized how many women never wear knickers), and all this to the tune of *Can't Get No Satisfaction* and, Lord of Lords, actually get to see Cathy McGowan or Cilla Black, of TV's *Top of the Pops* or *Juke Box Jury*, changing in and out too.

Then, fully equipped in new dress (some of them, not actually paid for — no such thing as electronic tags to trap shop lifters in those days, shopping was fun, then), we'd limp down Ken, High Street, to see *Blow Up* for the hundredth time and ogle David Hemmings in his white jeans and his Take Six vest.

So much for London Saturdays in the early Sixties.

BY THE END of 1966, Biba had moved up in social status by opening a larger boutique in Kensington Church Street, by now the place to stroll on a Saturday. Prices were still low, but Biba had become an accepted part of the British establishment, and, to startle or rebel, the kids of the day had to buy or steal their gear elsewhere *Bus Stop* or *I was Lord Kitchener's Valet* or the

marriage, he would later refrain from interference once her mind was made up.

Selznick comes across as a lovable, exasperating, overgrown kid. His problem was the impossibility of ever topping *GWTW*. It was pointless to try (*Duel in the Sun* notwithstanding), so he sagged, for the most part making deals instead of movies. He could never fully accept the break-up of his first marriage, and would sometimes sign himself on gift cards to Irene as "Bigamist." His refusal ever to slow down hastened his death, though, at the pace he lived, it was a pleasant surprise for him to reach his 63rd birthday.

Irene's version of some classic Hollywood legends is also worth mentioning. She was present at the birth of MGM. One of the first victims of her father's management was von Stroheim's *Greed*, which she viewed in its entirety and describes as "a testament to the incompetence of the previous regime." Von Stroheim was, she asserts, kept on until he became "completely unproductive." John Gilbert's downfall is likewise attributed to no one but himself, certainly not to her father, no matter what their disagreements were.

Finally, and most delightfully, she maintains that it was while filming the burning of Atlanta that her husband first set eyes on Vivien Leigh. "David was flabbergasted." It's nice to know it really happened.

The junkies continue. Fuddydaddy old Monte Carlo is revisited. Dangers and thrills in and around the Soviet Bloc countries. J. Paul Getty, super-billionaire, is interviewed at his English estate, Sutton Place, just before his death. Then off to Guatemala and India. It is essentially a show biz book, and inflated with self-congratulatory TV hype.

Seymour Geldin

Travelogue

WITHIN WHICKER'S WORLD by Alan Whicker. London, Coronet Books. 508 pp. No price stated.

NOEL COWARD once asked, "Why is it that the wrong people travel, and the right people stay at home?"

Alan Whicker's huge audience for his British TV interview show, would probably disagree.

Whicker investigates the unusual, which includes the bad, the beautiful, the rich and the very rich. He pokes into the lives of Palm Beach's super snobs in Florida, the ones who spend their time keeping their bodies young. Ann Hamilton, the mother of the actor George Hamilton, comments on breast cosmetology: "With my luck, I'll die tomorrow — but if I do I want to be buried topos, 'cos God knows I've had 'em done I want somebody to see 'em."

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Seymour Geldin

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Gently wicked fun

technical matters — any good director knows how to shoot around such problems. What would remain would still be a clever well-made little entertainment about a mathematician who discovers how to make a certain geometric configuration disappear up its own funnel. It would be a racy if otherwise perfectly acceptable installment in that *Elders of Zion* series, *Tales of the Unexpected*.

"S DOUBTFUL, however, if Jack's Birthday Celebration would also be the series. This is a modest enough look at the sick English mity unit done with the appropriate tones of Kopit and nter; but perhaps too modest, as it is for its greatest effect on a igle closing shot of the 20-year-1 protagonist being tucked into a crib.

The Imitation Game is the longest the trio. While anything but odest in its ambitions it has rhaps the least impact of them all. his introduction, McKewan tells that he was trying to write a novel out the British attempts to crack ne Nazi Enigma code, about the brilliant young English scientist lan Turing, and about the ex-olitation of women by the British armed forces. The result was this telly play. Despite McKewan's protests about extensive research, his script makes for pretty slim pick-ings, with melodrama overshadowing insight.

I grant that especially all three of these scripts would likely play better than they read, especially given the BBC's skill in making even soap opera look like Chekhov. Pity the Beeb chickened out of doing *Solid Geometry*, but at least one now has the chance to read it. In doing so, by the way, I've discovered the most intriguing stage direction since Ionesco told us in *The Bald Soprano* that "the clock strikes as many times as it likes." McKewan has this fascinating direction: "Great-grandfather is bent over an elaborate, heavy, brass-knobbed press which has a pressure gauge. On the floor is a bucket of horse dung."

ters... with the pun... ing. *Time After Time* is elegant fun.

ALTHOUGH there's a lot of competition around (Martin Amis, Adam Mars-Jones, etc.), 35-year old Ian McKewan has good claim to the title of Nasty Young Man of British Letters. That's largely on the strength of his nasty fiction, like *In Between the Sheets* and *The Cement Garden*. Add to those, however, his TV play, *Solid Geometry*, which was banned by the BBC in 1979 just before going into production.

Happily, *Solid Geometry* is one of the three television plays included in this new collection. It is also better than the two that managed to get on the air.

Oh, yes, *Solid Geometry* does call for such props as a penis preserved in a jug of formaldehyde, and a for a naked actress to be tied into a human pretzel. But those are only

the indecently named April... and Baby June. All are elderly, crotchety and handicapped; Jasper has only one eye, April is stone deaf, May has a maimed hand and June is dyslexic. The quartet rattles around the decaying family estate with their old people's idiosyncrasies and their odorous cats and dogs, irritating the hell out of each other.

ENTER long-lost half-Jewish cousin Leda, whom the Swifts all believed had died in a concentration camp. Totally blind, Leda moves in and ingratiates herself with each sibling individually. Her reason for doing this, we eventually learn, is to exact revenge for the Great Wrong done to her back in the days when Mummy and Daddy Swift were still ruling the roost.

Leda accomplishes her dirty work, but like the Irish that they are, the cranky old Swifts survive it all.

Identity exchange

A JEWISH REFUGEE escapes Nazi Germany by persuading a patient in the Berlin American army hospital, a colonel, to exchange identities with him — "his extraordinary boldness and steady determination had so startled the dying man, that he agreed without demur to part with his passport" — and, with his newly acquired ticket to freedom, the "Colonel," as he is henceforth known, makes his way to England with a retinue of relatives and, with what seems like remarkable ease, settles himself there. Being the kind of man that the people naturally trust ("...the immense power in his eyes...the silent young man with the undeniably military air..."), the Colonel is soon established in a magnificent mansion, acquires wealth, property, social status, and an impeccable account; all the accoutrements of the society he has adopted. Aloof, respected, taciturn, he is invited to join the beleaguered government, becoming one of its outstanding ministers; but with the collapse of democracy in Britain, and the eruption of anarchy and terror throughout the country, he is seen as the prime enemy of the newly formed People's Collective.

THE COLONEL by David Hart, London, Blond and Briggs. 174 pp. £6.95.

Aloma Halter

All this may sound rather spacey and far-fetched. And the book is a sort of post-apocalyptic vision presented in scenes which are hazily conceived and loosely strung together to create a dreamlike tabloid effect. "He came out of the ghettos of Europe and appeared upon these shores with the inevitability of a desert prophet." The tone has been set from the first pages, and the focus is unwaveringly, almost obsessively, on the solitary Colonel. The description has a way of lurching from an archaic, ponderous language to a kind of dry, surrealist burlesque: "they had just begun their dinner when a corporal who missed his mother burst in and started shooting like a maniac... Blood everywhere, broken bits of men, a finger lying on the table where the fork should have been."

Hart has some irritating mannerisms: the narrative is addressed to an elusive "Father," the exclamation "godsake" is scattered more liberally than semi-colons, yet

there are compensations. The author's strength lies in sensual and tactile descriptions, and the Colonel's own experiences are immediate and convincing: "Then, one evening, he managed to drag himself to the corner where the honey still ran down the wall... He just managed to make a few questioning strokes with his painfully dry tongue until he tasted once more the sweet sweetness of the bees' labour."

The Colonel, who both achieves greatness and has it thrust upon him, is treated with none of the wry humour that describes Malvolio's ascent, and subsequent descent, in *Twelfth Night*. If the intended political satire in this book falters, it is largely due to this lack of humour, and to the intense, claustrophobic involvement of the author with his hero. Alongside the other, sketchy, Lilliputian figures, the Colonel looms large. There is an absence of detail about the political situation, a lack of a convincing backdrop. The Colonel bestrides the book like a colossus, yet a fascinatingly egocentric one. What is remarkable is that, despite the scanty plot and the desultory treatment of the secondary characters, the reader comes to share David Hart's fascination with his protagonist, and however reluctantly, stays with the strong, almost hypnotic Colonel till the end. □

YOU DON'T know the meaning of the word tantalize until you've been on a shopper's tour of London with only an odd free hour here and there for personal shopping. Together with four of my colleagues in the consumer-reporting field, I was a guest of British Airways and the British Tourist Authority for a glorious five-day tour of London's famous shops over the counters and behind the scenes. And it was the Christmas season to boot, with show windows and store fronts aglitter with lights and evergreens. In short, a dream trip.

One of my colleagues remarked that it isn't fair to our readers to be writing about the tempting shops and merchandise of London when the economic situation is causing most Israelis not only to stay at home this winter, but to tighten their belts as well. She has a point. Perhaps we should not tantalize you with forbidden fruits.

But I am an optimist. This year, by the end of August, 96,000 Israelis had visited the U.K. — up 40 per cent over the same period last year. More Israelis came this summer than visitors from Spain or Japan or Austria or Denmark, which are bigger or closer or both. I cannot predict how many Israelis will make it to the British Isles in '84, perhaps fewer than this year, but I have faith in the ingenuity of my people — travel tax, recession, and all.

Anyway, there's always armchair travel. So settle yourself comfortably, conjure up rain and mist, and come marketing with me in London. Actually, we had three days of crispy cold and brilliant sunshine before the fog rolled in, and our superb guide, Katie Lucas — who runs her own Grosvenor Guide Service and has written a walkabout London guidebook — told us autumn is apt to be a drier season than most and hence a good one for visiting.

A FITTING welcome was the marketplace "best buys" of the day on the BBC's popular *Breakfast Time* news-and-talk show our very first morning. Perhaps in our honour, one of the three recommendations was "Sharon fruit" — as Israeli persimmons are known there. Their country of origin was omitted which seemed to me deliberate, as the grapes were described as coming from Spain. A single persimmon was 30 pence — which means 1540, for which we can buy a whole kilo. Later, at Selfridges, the biggest store on Oxford Street and the second biggest in London, I saw other Israeli fruits — moist dates at a pound sterling per pound weight — which means around 1540 for less than half a kilo — our grapefruit at 25 pence apiece — about 1535, or nearly what we pay for a kilo. The oranges were Spanish — our Jaffas hadn't arrived yet this season.

Fresh fruits, however, are almost the only Israeli products which cost us less at home than in London. Even some familiar food products are sold more cheaply there. A double-pack box of Osem soup was marked 58p — about 1578 — and I remember paying more for this in Tel Aviv just before leaving on the trip.

The famed Fortnum & Mason food department, renowned as a gourmet's paradise where the sales assistants dress in morning coats, carries several Israeli products: tin-pot orange juice under its own house label at 70p for a 540ml. tin (1598) as well as honey and halva (both of which were out of stock).

In the textile field, I saw many examples of Israeli products which cost less in London than at home — so much so that I raised the question with the management of Marks & Spencer, which carries more Israeli merchandise than any other chain in Britain. Part of the answer, I was told, lies in the export incentives for products sold abroad, which bring in hard currency. Another is that an M & S large-scale, long-term contract can cut a manufacturer's unit production costs. But another reason, I was told, is that the local Israeli retail market will bear higher prices — which is another way of saying that our consumers are willing to pay more for the same goods than British consumers would, either because they are less discriminating or simply because they have fewer choices.

Also, of course, retailing in Israel is less efficient than in the U.K., certainly less efficient than at M & S, which is famous for its economical sales methods and resultant low markup margins. But I shall leave most of the M & S story to another article, as this shopping Mecca, with its very special Israeli connection, deserves special attention.



Shopper's tour

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I DON'T KNOW how much Götter bathing suits cost at Harrods, the largest and most comprehensive department store not only in London but in all of Europe, whose name is synonymous with elegance. I didn't even know that a "spectacular new Götter Boutique" had opened there last May until I was browsing through my stack of press kits at the end of our trip. For all I know, the bathing-suit boutique

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isn't operative in winter.

Harrods was the only store whose PR office failed to give us a royal welcome. Indeed, we hardly got a welcome at all, to use a bit of British understatement. We were ushered into a makeshift press room, kept standing while press folders were hastily thrown together, and were told that photographs were "too expensive" to distribute. And this is a store which boasts that its largest single cash sale ever was £82,000, its average day's intake £500,000, and which has exported a replica 1901 Ford car to an Arab sheikh and sold a Texas-excavated fossil back to a Texan.

But despite our cool reception, Harrods is too fascinating to ignore. "Many stores post signs, 'No dogs allowed,'" but where else is it followed by the information, "Kennels are available, entrance at No. 3 door?" It helps to be royalty, or at least wealthy, to shop at Harrods, but even the economy-class tourist needn't be afraid to browse around — and you can find some things to suit the slimmest pocketbook: just to be able to come home with a Harrods carrier-bag. For instance, packets of scented bath salts cost only 55p (1575) — just the same as at John Lewis, a cooperative chain with the slogan, "Never knowingly undersold." Or you can buy a Harrods souvenir plastic pen or an eraser. There is an entire section

called the Harrods Shop which specializes in goods with the Harrods logo — from baby bibs to shopping bags. Some general merchandise costs no more at Harrods than anywhere else. A double-screen Game-and-Watch brand electronic game such as Donkey Kong costs £19.95, the same as at other London stores and slightly less than on Tel Aviv's Allenby Street. But I wouldn't recommend buying much at Harrods without comparing prices in other shops; one of my travelling companions bought a wool plaid scarf and then saw it considerably cheaper at the Scotch House, itself hardly an economy store.

THE SCOTCH HOUSE and Burberrys are two related chains which I wouldn't have thought to visit if not on a press tour — and which most Israeli visitors to London probably overlook or assume to be out of their range. The latter may be so — but both are fascinating enough to warrant mention and perhaps a peek inside next time you're in London.

The Scotch House is where you can see — or buy — a genuine Scottish kilt, a woman's kilt-style skirt, and even children's kilts from size one, as well as all sorts of accessories from over the border. This is the place to ask the inevitable question: What do Scotsmen wear under their kilts? (answer: nothing). And there is a free booklet in which you can look up your family name and see if it has a clan tartan. If you're a Cohen or a Levy, don't bother; but Cowan is listed, and so is Mac-

David. If you think you have even a remote Scottish ancestry link, the chain will help you trace your clan identity.

An authentic man's kilt costs £72.50, nearly 159,800, a woman's kilt-skirt £50, or 157,000, the smallest toddler kilts £20.50 or about 152,800. There are 350 different tartan designs in stock as yard-goods, which can be made into a kilt to order. Refreshingly, there are virtually no synthetic-fibre garments in the Scotch House stores, except for a few women's blouses.

I suppose it's a confession of inferiority to admit I didn't know what a Burberry was before this trip. A Burberry is the original gabardine raincoat worn by early aviators, by Polar explorers, and the famous trenchcoat used by the British army in World War I. It started out in 1856, when one Thomas Burberry copied the linen smocks of English shepherds and farmers, and replaced the original fabric with an almost waterproof cotton, which he named gabardine. It became the ideal all-weather fabric for sporting, military and rain wear. The firm reports that an ordinary Burberry supported on four sticks has been known to make a serviceable bathtub in desert or jungle.

An authentic Burberry raincoat with its characteristic checked lining is not cheap, but is said to last for years, even decades. A recent competition for the oldest existing Burberry turned up one from 1890. The standard coats for men start at £197.50 (over 1527,000), for women at £180 (over 1525,000), while a fur lining can quadruple the price. At the London branches, monograms are embroidered on for free, and a year's insurance against damage or loss is thrown in as well.

LONDON offers clothing at all price ranges. At Fortnum & Mason in Piccadilly, I saw women's pure-silk blouses from Italy for £350 — which is 1549,000. Even less than the blouses, can I understand people paying £111 (1515,500) for a five-year-old's pure silk dress, outgrown in a season or two.

Perhaps many of my readers, like myself, had assumed that Fortnum & Mason is solely a gourmet food store, as that is what made its name. In fact, it is a full-scale department store. But food remains its most famous feature. Among the English upperclasses, a food hamper from F & M is almost a must to take on a hunt or a day at the races, we were told. Gift hampers for Christmas range from a modest £7.25 (under 151,000) for a small Christmas pudding and some orange marmalade to the "No. 1 Windsor Hamper" at £550 (1577,000), complete with champagne, caviar and turtle soup.

We were royally treated to some fine Spanish sherry in the "crypt" — the store's wine cellar. The wine list has labels from virtually every wine-producing country, including Hungary, South Africa, Australia, the U.S., and even England itself — but surprisingly, nothing from Israel. Our hostess had no explanation for this, but cordially offered me the calling card of F & M's chief wine buyer, and said he would welcome offers from Israeli wineries.

Londoners, I found, are drinking lots of wine these days, and the latest rage is the newly-arrived 1983 Beaujolais Nouveau, a young light red, which bears a resemblance to our own Adom Atik or Petit Sirah. Only with spicy Indian food did our British hosts suggest that a cold beer or lager would be more suitable than wine. □

Martha Meisels